

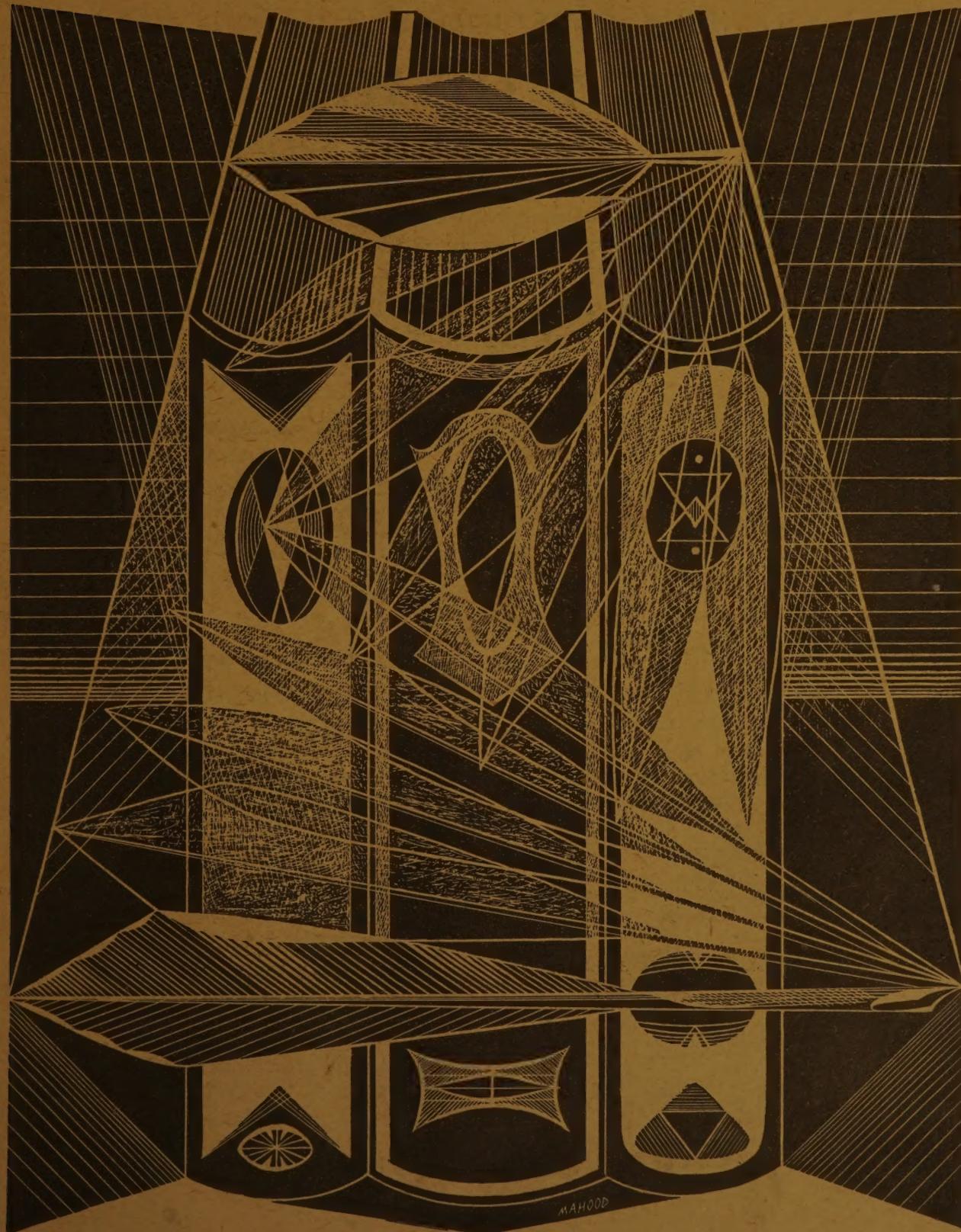
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France and the Nine-Power Conference

By PIERRE MENDES-FRANCE, Prime Minister of France

WHEN I was first asked by the B.B.C. to speak on its Home Service, I could not help thinking of those dark years of the early 'forties when the news and talks sent over the air from the same station so much contributed to the survival and resurgence of the spirit of France. For our people and for all the peoples of Europe as well, the three letters B.B.C. meant truth, hope, and trust—all they needed in their agony to strengthen their endurance and to promote their resistance. London was the capital of the then free world, a source of light and an example of fortitude under the inspiring leadership of the great man whom we love, your Prime Minister. When at last, like many others did, and so many others longed to do, I managed to escape and reached this country, I witnessed the plight of the town of London and its wonderful resilience.

On the occasion of the Nine-Power Conference, I came back to the places which were familiar twelve years ago. The wounds were healed; the scars had almost disappeared and instead were signs of industrious activity, of striving for progress. This sight, associated with memories of the past, awoke a kind of inner satisfaction, not remote from what I feel when watching the recovery from the destructions of the war of the small town of Louviers, of which I am the Mayor, in our Province of Normandy, where so many among the bravest of your sons gave their lives. Such feelings are not only mine. For one or for another reason, they are common to many Frenchmen and they are the cause of that sense of solidarity with Great Britain which influences the political behaviour of the French people. It is emotional surely but it is also based upon fact. We do not feel secure in the absence of our British friends.

To understand some recent reactions of the French people, that is to

say their rejection of the E.D.C., one must bear that in mind, and it will well explain to you the great importance France will attach to the pledge which Great Britain has declared herself ready to make, not to whittle her present armed forces in Europe against the wishes of the majority of the western European powers, members of the Brussels Pact. This will be considered by us as a great step towards the consolidation of peace, solidarity, and security in Europe, as a great decision worthy of those the people of Great Britain were known to take in the past.

We fought two wars together; we have still to fight against the consequences of the war—not only in building up our common defence along with all our friends of the free world, but also in burying old feuds, and overcoming prejudices, in putting an end to any cause for mistrust. This is really the aim of the present Nine-Power Conference*, and all the peoples of Europe will be grateful to Great Britain for her very essential contribution towards achieving this aim.

I must say this conference does not exactly resemble any other one. All members are clearly conscious of the very grave situation which would arise if they could not agree. Instead of bargaining, we have frank discussions where everybody seems to have in mind the position of the other partners, in relation mainly to their public opinion and their parliaments; and I, for my part, believe that frankness pays more than bargaining. I do not think that any durable and solid association between nations can be achieved otherwise. The construction of a more united Europe, as I see it, can result only from a lasting effort towards establishing bonds of solidarity between the neighbouring countries in all fields. We are at the beginning of a great task for the achievement of which this conference will give us a basis. In many ways, it can be

only a starting point; I eagerly wish, at least, that it will have liberated us from the depressing and paralysing effects of discussions which never end.

With regard to my own country, I know only too well what these effects are. This is the reason why, as you perhaps have heard, I have devoted my efforts, since I took office at the beginning of the summer, to the quick settlement of more than one as yet unsolved problem. To

remove these obstacles was a prerequisite to further action—I mean action for economic and social progress for which the people, and especially the youth, of my country show an eagerness which is not only an effective stimulus for the statesmen, but, in my opinion, a favourable omen for the future. But surely this does not apply to France alone. All over the world there is a growing impatience which statesmen have to meet. Every hour, peace and progress must be their aim.

—Home Service

Russia's Latest Disarmament Plan

By MICHAEL CURTIS

IT was almost exactly three years ago, on October 7, 1951, that the Governments of America, Britain, and France announced a very precise and carefully argued plan for calling a halt to the arms race. They presented it to the General Assembly of the United Nations in Paris a month later. Announcing this plan, Mr. Dean Acheson, who at that time was the American Secretary of State, said that its central purpose was 'to establish absolute limits for armaments adequate to defence but not enough for aggression'. But the immediate Russian reaction was not at all favourable. Mr. Vyshinsky, the Soviet delegate, said: 'I could hardly sleep last night. I could not sleep for laughing... I cannot restrain my laughter at this so-called peace proposal...'

The American Offer

Mr. Vyshinsky had his laugh—and there are not many who can afford that luxury in the United Nations these days. Since then the U.N. Disarmament Commission has been in almost continuous session and its efforts to reconcile the western and communist viewpoints culminated with a private conference in London this summer. In those three years the western proposals were considerably modified to meet the original Russian objections. How many people realise, for instance, that if the later and revised American plan for disarmament were accepted by Russia tomorrow there would be immediate (though not detailed) inspection of all atomic energy plants? In other words, America has offered to tell the world the exact number and location of her atomic plants as the first stage in a plan which would ultimately reveal her most carefully guarded military secret—the size and nature of her stockpile of atomic bombs. She offers immediately to allow U.N. inspectors 'access to entire national territory to the extent necessary to verify that all atomic energy plants have been declared'. That is an offer in which I am sure any member of the Russian General Staff (or any other General Staff, for that matter) would be powerfully interested. The offer is conditional on other countries doing the same.

But the London Conference in May this year was no more successful than the rest. Time and again the Western Powers ran into one of the odd paradoxes of our age: the fact that Russia, cradle of the political faith which urges the workers of the world to unite, is more jealously possessive of her own national sovereign rights than any other country on earth. The Iron Curtain is, after all, something more than a picturesque phrase. For that reason the Western Powers have always insisted that disarmament is impossible without first establishing a really effective system of inspection. The Russians have usually paid lip service to this idea, although in practice their proposals have remained studiously vague. But, until last week, Russia has always demanded, as her first condition of world disarmament, that everyone should promise never to use the atom or hydrogen bomb. And that, invariably, was the end of the argument. The west properly refused to tear up its most valuable insurance policy in return for a mere verbal promise that the Russians would be more co-operative thereafter.

Last Thursday, however, something happened at the General Assembly which could just conceivably represent an important change in the Russian attitude. Mr. Vyshinsky made a speech which was peppered as usual with the old abusive clichés. But in the middle of all this he surprised everyone by revealing, quite casually, that Russia would no longer insist on a preliminary pledge to ban the atomic bomb before considering disarmament. She would also accept a 'temporary international control commission' which would work under

the direction of the Security Council and presumably still be subject to the veto. The original Russian idea was to reduce armaments by fixed percentages which gave an obvious advantage to countries already heavily armed. Mr. Vyshinsky now suggests that armaments should be cut to a half of what he called an 'agreed norm'. What that means is anyone's guess, but it is certainly something which needs looking at.

Why has Russia chosen this particular moment to reopen the question of disarmament? When Mr. Attlee suggested to his hosts in Peking recently that it would be a good idea if China used her influence in Moscow to persuade Russia to reduce her armaments, he was immediately attacked in the Russian newspapers as a 'tool of American imperialism'. That was at about the same time as he was being accused in sections of the American Press of having allowed himself to become 'the tool of Chinese imperialism'. But Mr. Attlee had delivered a telling blow to a very sensitive part of the anatomy of communist propaganda. Russia is the most heavily armed nation in the world because she was the only country not to disarm after the last war. So perhaps Moscow has taken the hint after all. Another explanation of the new Russian initiative is that it represents an eleventh hour attempt to divide the west before German rearmament really gets under way.

Despite all the gloomy forecasts, the London Conference which has just ended was a tremendous success, and a great personal triumph for Mr. Eden. A way has been found to give western Germany her freedom as an independent nation. That freedom includes the right to create a strictly limited establishment of armed forces under the command of the North Atlantic Treaty Organisation. It does not include the right to manufacture atomic, bacteriological, or chemical weapons of war—nor can Germany produce guided missiles, heavy warships, or strategic bombers. True, these restrictions apply equally to other countries in the so-called 'strategically exposed areas' of western Europe. In other words, Germany alone is not and cannot become a first-rank military power in the atomic age as long as this agreement is in force. Could it be, then (to return to Mr. Vyshinsky), that Russia is flying this new disarmament kite simply in order to sabotage the achievements of the nine men who signed the London agreement? Or is the Kremlin so genuinely impressed by this new evidence of western unity and strength that it is prepared to make real concessions in order to reduce international tension? We do not know—but it should not be difficult to put Mr. Vyshinsky's sincerity to the test.

Insurance Policies

In my view there is only one sensible policy for the west. Let us keep, and if necessary increase, our insurance policies. The one signed in London yesterday is immensely valuable to us—not only in a military sense, but as an augury for a bolder and more hopeful political policy in western Europe. On no account should we even consider surrendering it at this moment. All the same, I am sure that a measure of world disarmament should remain the supreme aim of our international policy. The arms race is costing the world £40,000,000,000 a year—£40,000,000,000 worth of human energy and human skill. And for what? For the destruction of mankind. Of course it is senseless. Of course it is folly of the most extravagant kind. And of course the statesmen of the western democracies must continue to examine each and every proposal to eradicate such folly, however suspect the motives and however specious the arguments may appear at first sight. For here is a field of endeavour in which human patience must never, never be exhausted.—Home Service

A New Model Army

Major-General L. O. LYNE on the military exercises 'Battle Royal'

THERE is, I believe, an idea in some quarters that the British Army has suddenly woken up to the reality of tactical atomic weapons. Nothing could be further from the truth. In the British Army of the Rhine and elsewhere continuous study of the new problems these weapons pose has been going on for many months. In discussions, by exercises, and in training all through the army much has been done to face up to and to find the solution to the many acute new problems. Above all, soldiers of every rank are be-



The American atomic 280 mm. cannon being demonstrated during 'Battle Royal', the recent military exercises in Germany. Below, right: observers watching the explosion of a mock atomic shell

coming accustomed to take this new threat and its effect into account in all their plans and actions. It is most important to instil the right psychological approach by which the possibility of atomic attack produces the right degree of evasive action without becoming a bogey, the mere threat of which brings everything to a standstill. There is no doubt that more should be done to spread this knowledge widely in the Royal Military Academy and in all our training schools.

In the manoeuvres I have just attended in Germany, 'Battle Royal', the method of delivery of the atomic missile was restricted to air bombing and shells from the U.S. 280 mm. cannon. Guided missiles and rockets were left to the future, along with the possibilities of gas and bacteriological warfare and other like horrors. The missile considered in 'Battle Royal' had an effect of total destruction in an area round the point of strike and would inflict casualties on men and vehicles up to a distance of several thousand yards. Troops well dug in with overhead cover would, however, have a good chance of survival, if not in the immediate vicinity of the burst.

The explosion of an atomic missile will have three main effects: on morale, by destruction, and by disorganisation. The first cannot be reproduced on an exercise. The last two were achieved to a remarkable degree. One atomic bomb came down in the middle of 1st British Corps H.Q. and destroyed the effective operation of that H.Q. and of H.Q. 1st Guards Brigade. Another missile fell upon the forming up area for an attack. The units affected, which included two infantry battalions, two armoured regiments, and a field artillery regiment, had such casualties that they became temporarily useless. Perhaps one of the outstanding lessons of the exercise was that the medical problems raised by casualties on such a scale will need special treatment by medical units trained and earmarked for the task.

The first requirement for successful atomic attack is a worth-while target. Much thought has obviously been given in the Rhine Army to avoiding offering such a target. A high degree of dispersion and very good concealment and camouflage was noticeable throughout the exercise. This was particularly so in the case of the armoured divisions, both British and Belgian. For one thing is certain: the day of the long, strung-out, tightly packed road-convoy is over. Quite apart from the atomic threat, we are most unlikely to have the tactical air superiority which alone made this possible for us in the closing stage of the war in Europe. In 'Battle Royal', movement, whenever possible, was by night. If it was necessary to move by day, tanks and vehicles were dribbled forward in small batches.

Nevertheless, it is obvious that something drastic will have to be done to reduce the present number of vehicles between the base area and the fighting troops. There seem to be three ways in which this might be achieved: by ruthlessly cutting out all non-essentials; by drastically pruning the fighting equipment; by replacing some at least of the vehicles by an air-lift. This talk was called 'A New Model Army' intentionally—for that is just what we are going to need in the future. Probably a combination of all three modifications is the right answer.

I should like to say a word here about air transport. There has been much discussion lately as to whether the helicopter could suitably replace the lorry as a load carrier. It has obvious advantages, and certain disadvantages, such as its restricted use in fog or at night, and probably the vulnerability of large numbers to air attack. But at present B.A.O.R. has no helicopters permanently attached. There is the most urgent need for some dozen or more heavy helicopters to be placed at their disposal, so that experimental training can be carried out to assess their suitability to replace transport by lorries. The possibility of using the helicopter for

lifting heavy equipment over a river line or other obstacle should also be considered. In future, the crossing of such an obstacle will tend to produce concentrations at the bridging sites which will make ideal atomic targets. Dispersion by means of rafting and, if possible, air-lift across the obstacle, will pay big dividends in avoiding casualties. No difference of opinion between the R.A.F. and the army as to who will ultimately control the Helicopter Service should be allowed to delay this most urgent requirement.

Another change which seems inevitable is in the system



of supply. The old system of concentrating supplies behind the front line in what was called the field maintenance area is doomed: 2,000 tons of petrol along 2,000 yards of road, however well camouflaged, is not a practical risk that any commander would be prepared to take today. The answer may lie in widely dispersed small dumps fed direct from the base area or by stages. This will mean more officers and more wireless links, but it will be a worth-while insurance.

As to the organisation of the army of the future—the division as the largest formation of fixed establishment has stood the test of two world wars. Especially *esprit de division* made a considerable contribution towards high morale. I do not believe that the advent of atomic missiles will alter this. It is likely, however, that the main fighting will be done in the future much more with smaller combat teams, thus avoiding the concentration, particularly of artillery, which might offer such an excellent target.

Need for More Brigade H.Q.

In 'Battle Royal', both British Armoured Divisions taking part were organised on the present British war establishment, but the 2nd Infantry Division tried out an experimental establishment of two brigades each of four infantry battalions instead of their normal arrangement in three brigades of three battalions each. I do not think that the experiment was successful. With the additional dispersion now required the need seems to be for more rather than fewer brigade H.Q. to maintain control of the infantry battle. The Armoured Division is, of course, organised and trained to work easily in groups of an armoured regiment and an infantry battalion. Both brigade H.Q. are so organised and equipped that they are interchangeable and can command any combination of armour and infantry. Such a system proved invaluable when I commanded 7th Armoured Division in the rapid moving advance from the Rhine in 1945, and the requirement seems as great or greater today. I believe, incidentally, that armour will come into its own again in any atomic war. Its mobility and good communications, coupled with the protection against atomic effects in a contaminated area given to the tank crew, should more than outweigh the greater accuracy and hitting power of the new anti-tank weapons.

I should now like to consider the present army equipment. The Centurion tank, produced just after the end of the last war, is the standard medium tank with which all our armoured formations are equipped. It has earned for itself a deservedly high reputation, and I was told several times by the users that they regard it as the best medium tank in the world. Its twenty-pounder gun is very accurate, even on the move. It is probable, however, that in any future major war the enemy will have some very heavy tanks whose armour will be immune to the Centurion gun. To counter any such threat the Conqueror has been produced—an eighty-ton tank firing a thirty-pound shell. Some of these have arrived in B.A.O.R., but they were not available for exercise. But when the inevitable minor teething troubles have been overcome this heavy tank should be well fitted for its role, which is likely to be principally that of an anti-tank gun.

The new heavy artillery cannon with which the United States Army is now equipped is a remarkable weapon. Weighing eighty-five tons, it is transported between two tractors, which also supply the power to operate the gun. It can travel at thirty miles an hour on the road or fifteen miles an hour across country. It can be brought into action from the mobile position in twelve minutes and has a range of twenty miles with a reputed high degree of accuracy. It can fire high-explosive as well as atomic shells.

The effect over a considerable area of one atomic shell fired from one gun can be compared to the result from firing a heavy concentration by a complete Army Group Royal Artillery—say, seventy-two guns. The destructive effect in the immediate vicinity of the burst is absolute. It seems that these guns can replace whole regiments of artillery under army or corps control. There will, however, still be a requirement for an accurate close-support gun for both infantry and armour.

But the old conception of concentrating the artillery of a whole corps to support an infantry attack is surely dead. It offers too good an atomic target. The support given is likely to be much more local, not requiring the range of the present field gun. A lighter gun, with shorter range and easier to handle, would give considerable administrative saving and should do the job. There are those who advocate the use of a heavy mortar for this role, but I believe it to be much too inaccurate.

If it is important to reduce the number of vehicles in all units, nowhere is this more important than with the infantry battalion. The only

way to do this is by reducing the load of equipment, etc. What can go? Certainly not the rifle because the new rifle, even though slightly heavier and with more kick than was hoped for, has great advantages over the old one. Its accuracy and the rapidity of fire which goes with automatic reloading should give the infantryman back his confidence in it as his personal weapon. If so, let us hope for the quiet burial of the sten gun.

What about the other supporting weapons? The infantryman will still require light automatics and some medium machine-guns to cover ground between localities. Some form of anti-tank defence is also essential. I believe that a considerable saving could be made by scrapping the mortar, possibly reverting to a four-rifle company organisation, with such supporting arms as remain included in them, thus eliminating the support-company, and again examining the clothing and personal equipment of the soldier with a view to reducing weight.

What do my impressions of 'Battle Royal' add up to? First, I believe that the possession of atomic missiles will greatly strengthen the power of the defence, particularly when holding an obstacle, such as a river line, when the enemy will be forced to concentrate and bridge the obstacle, probably near the site of one of the demolished bridges. The very threat of atomic fire may make it possible to deny vital ground to the enemy without occupying it with troops. The defensive role of Nato and its inferiority in numbers make this a most important point. Even so, one could not help thinking how much more comfortable the situation would be if there were two German corps as well.

Early information about enemy plans and location of troops, vehicles, and supplies which will offer atomic targets is vital. Here, good intelligence comes in. Also the importance of air reconnaissance and quick reporting of targets was very much demonstrated. Conversely, with inaccurate or insufficient information a commander is liable to waste his precious atomic missiles, which were not at all plentiful, at any rate in this exercise. There were several instances where either the target never existed or the troops had moved by the time the missile was fired. There is, for technical reasons, likely to be a long interval between the order for atomic fire and its fulfilment.

Nothing I saw in this exercise makes me think that the use of atomic missiles will reduce the need for land forces, though they will have to be better trained than ever before. The requirement for highly trained, tough soldiers is as great as ever. The British Army of the Rhine was most impressive in action. Morale is very high and the National Serviceman is really pulling his weight. The armoured divisions were operating with a smoothness and ease which comes when a formation has been training or fighting solidly together for months. There were naturally many mistakes, and some of the machinery of command still creaks a bit. But the advance which has been made in the last couple of years is really remarkable. Communications were thoroughly tested by this exercise, and I believe that they are not yet what they should be. The high, wooded ridge of the Teutoburger Wald proved an effective obstacle to wireless communication from one side to the other just as it did when we fought through it in 1945. This problem of communications is so vital in the new conditions of atomic warfare that it needs much more study and action to improve the present set-up. As far as the infantry were concerned, I watched the long approach march and night attack in torrential rain through the difficult country of the closely wooded Teutoburger Wald which the 5th Infantry Brigade carried out. This was an operation which could be undertaken only by very good troops and it was successful.

'A Formidable Fighting Force'

One final point: this exercise was not only for the benefit of British troops but for the whole of Northern Army Group, including Dutch, Belgian, and Canadian contingents. They also showed that they are a formidable fighting force. The way in which the Belgian Armoured Division altered its plan, when its main line of retreat over the river Lippe was put out of action by an atomic missile, was one of the best things I saw in the whole exercise. It broke contact, got both its brigade groups over the river by bridges previously allotted to one, and dealt with the heavy casualties from the atomic strike without any confusion or apparent difficulty. What I know from experience to be a very difficult operation was faultlessly executed.

The close integration of British and other national divisions and brigade groups under commanders from various countries seemed to work very smoothly and, apart from an occasional exercise 'hot temper', feeling between all contingents was obviously cordial. Here, indeed, was part of a European Army in being.—*Third Programme*

The Shape of Wings to Come—IV

The Case for the Light Fighter

By W. E. W. PETTER

IN these days, when progress tends to be equated with the 'bigger and better', those who follow air affairs may have been puzzled about this idea of a light fighter. Why a light fighter at all? Will its performance be inferior? Will its armament and equipment be adequate? What are its advantages, and why has it not been tried before?

The need for the light fighter arises from a number of causes. In the first place, since the Spitfire of 1940, the weight of the modern single-engine fighter has gone up over three times, while the cost is now ten times what it was. The first reason for this increase is that speeds have doubled, thanks to the jet engine, which enables us to pack vastly more power in a compact space than in the old days. This power, however, is obtained only by burning more fuel, and although the engine of the modern fighter, when installed, weighs no more than of old, about five times the weight of fuel must be carried for a typical sortie. Higher speed also brings in its train the need for greater strength and refinements, which again put up the weight and cost.

The second main reason for the greater weight and cost of fighters is the much heavier load of equipment which the user wishes to carry today. It is a matter of opinion how much of this is really necessary and how much of it is the result of trying to provide the pilot with everything he could conceivably want; certainly it is not sufficiently realised that every pound of additional equipment carried, necessary or otherwise, means at least ten pounds of additional structure, engine and fuel to propel it at the speed of sound, besides more maintenance on the ground. The desire to go even faster than sound will lead in the next few years to our fighters on conventional lines being about twice the weight of those now flying, simply because the power required to exceed the speed of sound is at present at least four times as much as the power to get up to it.

Some of all this is no doubt necessary, but since we can produce and maintain only a very limited number of machines of the kind described—at the most, hundreds rather than thousands—since they will be too valuable as well as too difficult to operate far from base, and since there are apparently 20,000 MiG 15s in being today, we have to ask ourselves seriously just what fighters are for. The kind of fighter I have described is defensive only; it is expressly developed to deal with the threat of atom bomber raids on major centres, and it has been felt, perhaps rightly, that no effort is too great to achieve the maximum degree of security. Personally I agree with those pessimists who believe that a proportion of such bombers will always get through, but, be that as it may, the fact remains that if we produce only this kind of fighter, we and the other free countries of the world will be precluded from playing our part in the prevention of aggression against the smaller and more vulnerable nations, which seems to constitute the immediate threat to world peace. For this purpose we need large numbers of fighters, both defensive—for use against bombers, fighter-bombers, and fighters—and offensive in support of ground operations.

For all these reasons, some of us felt that there was a need for

an entirely new approach to the problem, similar to that which has been made more than once by naval architects, when the destroyer had gradually grown so heavily armed and complex as to become in fact a light cruiser, and a fresh start had to be made to secure adequate numbers of light escort and attack vessels.

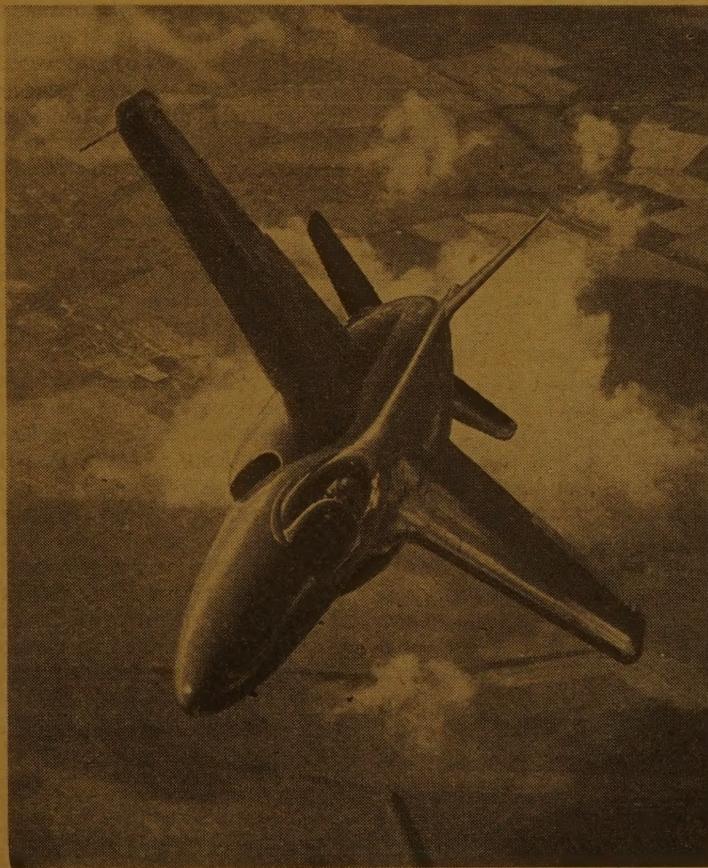
There was once a famous American aircraft designer whose specific for producing a good machine was just 'simplicate—and add more lightness'. Let us go back with him to the causes of the terrific growth of fighters, and see how far they could be removed and still leave an effective weapon. Obviously the first aim is to cut down to the minimum the things which have to be carried. We have to have a pilot, and

today he needs an ejector seat, instruments, radio, and an electric supply, a ventilating and pressure system, and so on. A great deal can be done, however, to lighten and simplify these essential services; what is more, many items of equipment, safety devices and so on, have crept in which are not, in the opinion of competent aircraft engineers, universally necessary. Thus things which are reasonable on a V-bomber flying for ten hours from a home base, may be undesirable on a fighter operating for fifty minutes from, say, Darwin.

The most important item of equipment on a fighter is the armament. Fortunately, Britain possesses a very powerful new cannon, which has been developed since the last war, and two of these provide a striking power considerably greater than that of the four 20 m.m. guns then carried by fighters, or indeed of the six heavy machine-guns used so successfully by the allies in Korea. Although our latest fighters carry four of these new cannon, I am not alone in believing that two are ample for the general-purpose fighter we are discussing. I would indeed expect that the better manoeuvrability of the light fighter should allow it to perform as well with two guns against the bomber, as the large fighter does with four. A careful combing over, in this way,

of every item to be carried, has convinced us that an effective fighter could be produced which carried only half the normal load.

The other main reason I advanced for the extra weight and cost of fighters was performance, and the jet engine and fuel to achieve it. If the light fighter is to succeed there can be no compromise on performance. This is the rock on which previous attempts to produce the lighter fighter—and there have been many—have been wrecked. There are good reasons why it should not be so today. Performance, whether in speed or climb, simply depends on the ratio of power to weight; so if we start by cutting weight we need less power. But if a performance rather better than usual is desired, proportionately more power than usual must be provided. In the past this has been impossible. The scaled-down machine with the small engine has usually had to put up with a proportionately heavier engine than its larger rival. Further, in the comparatively small sizes of past fighters the minimum weights of certain items of load, such as the pilot, some of his key instruments, and an adequate armament, have often been capable of little reduction. All these things had tended to reduce the power-weight ratio of light fighters and give them an inferior performance to the large machines.



The prototype 'Gnat'

That this will not happen this time is owing mainly to the fact that we have reached an important milestone in the history of the axial jet engine. It is only ten years since their practical development started in this country, and naturally the engine-makers began by selecting a size of engine with about 6,000-9,000 lb. thrust which would be suitable for bombers or fighters. Since the fuel consumption for the bomber is a matter of great importance, the engines were made to have a high compression ratio, which leads to good economy but costs a great deal in weight and complication.

Much work has also been done in the last few years which has shown that this size was not at all ideal for lightness, and that an engine of only half this power would be much nearer the optimum weight. The engine makers all recognised this, but because there was no real demand the smaller sized engine for a long time remained undeveloped. When the optimum size engine is allied to the relative simplicity possible when fuel consumption is of less importance, the result in power-weight ratio begins to be startling. If we add that the engine designers are ready with many ideas for improving and simplifying their techniques, a great step forward in fighter engines becomes possible, and to an aircraft designer it seems astonishing that until recently no serious attempt was made to produce this optimum fighter engine. At last, however, one engine-maker had the courage of his convictions and went ahead, and from that date I have had no doubt whatever of the ultimate success of the light fighter.

There is one final factor which helps us today. Whereas in the past, at 300 or 400 miles an hour, the structure of the attempted lightweight fighter was less efficient than that of the large one—the much higher strength and stiffness necessary for the speeds of today enable the smaller structure to equal, and in fact surpass, the large one in weight efficiency, besides being much simpler. I believe it is a peculiarly apt moment to make this new approach, and that for some considerable time we are not going to achieve any number of operational aircraft capable of flying at supersonic speeds in level flight. I am well aware that in America a new machine is now in production which will go some ten or fifteen per cent. over the speed of sound, but such wonderful machines are so large and complicated that, for us impoverished Europeans at least, they will be restricted to very special (and limited) duties. Because of the halt of some years which I foresee around the sonic barrier, the pilots are going to ask that at least a big step forward should be made in the flying and fighting qualities of their fighters. Small size not only makes for better control and responses, but allows of more rapid improvement than is possible on a large machine. The much shorter time required for design, development, and production is, indeed, one of the major advantages of the light fighter.

So far I have dealt mainly with the technical reasons which make the light fighter possible and desirable, and certainly these have been amply confirmed by my experiences in developing the Gnat. During the last two or three years, however, the economics of defence have come more and more to the fore, as our rulers have tried to walk the

tight-rope between inadequate defences, on the one hand, and economic collapse due to over-spending on the other. This difficulty is not unheard of here; it is particularly noticeable in the smaller countries, such as Holland, Belgium, Sweden, Switzerland, and Australia, where I have found a very keen interest in the light fighter. For if the present trend continues they will be unable to manufacture at all or even to buy more than a few squadrons of fighters with which to defend themselves.

From another angle, too, there is increasing awareness of our dangers—I mean those of maintenance and servicing. One recent American fighter requires about 100 hours' maintenance on the ground on the average to fly it for one hour, and this is in spite of the wonderful American powers of organisation and specialist training. Such a ratio is obviously even less acceptable in Europe, and utterly unacceptable for any overseas theatres of war. I well remember at Fighter Command some four or five years ago, the C. in C. told me of the difficulty they had in maintaining the radio sets of their fighter squadrons. I think at that time they had only two out of six radio mechanics allotted per squadron, and the chances of recruiting more were not then very bright. Things may have improved somewhat, but I am more than ever convinced that the airborne electronic 'black boxes' should be kept to an irreducible minimum, and even then only fitted in those machines, such as night fighters, in which they are absolutely essential. For this reason I have never been too concerned when told that the light fighter cannot carry this or that, because I am sure that, beyond the simplest equipment, maintenance would not be practicable under war-time conditions. I do not mean by this that I despair of bad weather interception, but I do believe our electronics engineers have a tremendous and vital task ahead in devising equipment, ninety-five per cent. of it always on the ground, which will detect the presence of enemy aircraft and inform and direct the interceptor to the right spot. Fortunately, some of the techniques being developed for guided weapons hold out promise in this direction, and a development of this kind could extend the range of duties of the light fighter to cover the sphere claimed at present by the all-weather fighter. Meanwhile, the light fighter is no worse off than the great majority of other fighters; it is cold comfort, and we must be thankful that bad weather is even more unhelpful to the raider than to the defence.

I hope I have shown that the light fighter is technically possible. It is so largely because of the great stride forward which the engine makers are taking, the ultimate result of which will be a thrust about the same, for instance, as that of the MiG 15, for half the weight. I hope I have shown, too, that this conception is highly desirable, not only from the point of view of cost of the aircraft, which should be reduced to a third or a quarter, but also if we are to conserve our skilled man-power in production and maintenance. Finally, and most importantly, I hope to have indicated that the light fighter is politically essential if we are not, in the west, to sit behind our embattled walls and leave the free world to the erosion of communism.

—Home Service

Bread Upon the Waters

P. E. WITHAM on methods of providing capital for colonial territories

I WANT here to describe some of the ways we have gone about financing overseas territories during the past few years; to suggest where mistakes have been made and how, in my opinion, we can carry out this vital job of colonial development more efficiently in the future.

It is said that we owe our colonies to the Elizabethan buccaneers who preyed on Spanish territory in the New World four centuries ago, and on the homeward-bound treasure fleets. Their profits went to the merchants who subsidised them and eventually created a new class of merchant-venturer in England. A generation or so after the buccaneers' days the merchant adventurers were financing small trading posts in the Americas or in Africa or the east. Local governments grew up to provide these services which the local inhabitants now required, and a specially formed Colonial Office was set up to look after their interests. But development—the bringing forth of wealth

out of the lands—remained in the hands of private enterprise. This was the pattern which persisted until the first world war. The important point about it is that the colonies developed from an early form of private investment, and at no time in the next 300 years did we in Britain consider that we had any financial responsibility for colonial territories—apart from defence—though we did at times give them special grants in aid to help them out of difficulties. Generally speaking, though, the services they needed had to be supplied from their own revenue and that usually depended on how far private firms could afford to exploit—or thought it worth while to exploit—the natural resources of the territory: its minerals, food crops, timber, and so on. The native people themselves were often primitive farmers who lived on what they could raise and could hardly contribute much to the national income. It is the modern fashion to decry what the commercial firm has done abroad. But a

good deal of the health services, education, housing, and building of communications in the colonies was made possible by the revenue brought in by commercial firms working there. And, what is more, many of these firms contributed these social services privately on their own initiative.

But by the end of the first world war it had become obvious that this 300-year-old pattern was out of date. The colonial population was increasing rapidly—partly because local government had stopped tribal wars and checked disease—and they were asking for a standard of life more in line with the rest of the world. Colonial local government had not the funds for an operation of this size, and private enterprise obviously could not foot the bill. There were untapped resources in these places which the world needed, and which could bring to the colonies large revenues. But there were two difficulties: one was that developing these resources called for more capital than almost any private firm could put up; the other was that until the territories had things like trained man-power, roads, motive power, and so on, the development could not be even started, and yet the territories could not raise the money for the facilities without developing the resources.

New Ideas of Finance

This was a vicious circle. In order to cut it, entirely new ideas about the financing of overseas territories—or colonial development—came into being. The first steps taken were the Colonial Development and Welfare Acts—cornerstones of official development and administered under the Colonial Office. The second of these Acts, passed in 1940, which is to my mind the Magna Carta of our relationship with the colonies, laid down that the primary object of that relationship was the protection and advancement of the inhabitants and their interests. Each of the three Development and Welfare Acts advanced a sum of money, either as a gift or a loan, from the home government. So, for the first time, we recognised that we had a financial responsibility towards the people of the colonies. The first Act advanced or gave £8,500,000; the last Act authorised £140,000,000. A fourth Act will be presented to parliament next March.

Colonial Development and Welfare was never intended to be a profit-making concern as such; it was intended to enable colonies who could not otherwise have afforded it to provide better social services, communications, port facilities, and so on. These facilities put the colonies in a better position to exploit their own natural resources and eventually support themselves: that is, they cut the vicious circle.

Next, in 1948, two different types of organisation were set up—both of them intended to be profit-making. One was the Overseas Food Corporation: you may remember its ill-fated groundnut activities. It was under the Ministry of Food, and its objectives were limited. I will not discuss it here, because it does not come within the scope of general colonial development. The other was the Colonial Development Corporation—the C.D.C. It was a separate entity from the Colonial Office and had its own chairman and board. The idea of the C.D.C. was to create a state-aided organisation which could take on some of the development schemes outside the scope of ordinary commercial firms. It could either work on its own or in partnership with local governments or business firms. Today the emphasis is on partnership. There is still one other body which is unlike either the C.D.C. or C.D. and W.—the Colonial Development Finance Corporation. It acts as a banker only, and came into being after the conference of Commonwealth Prime Ministers about eighteen months ago.

We have been hearing a good deal about one of these bodies, the Colonial Development Corporation, and we are likely to hear more soon, so I want to discuss it rather more in detail. Obviously it was an excellent conception to set up an organisation with government money to develop large-scale schemes which were beyond the means of private enterprise. Unfortunately, in my view, the execution has been disappointing. For one thing, at the beginning it ignored its mandate from parliament, which was that it should engage only in profitable schemes. It started to experiment with projects which should best have been left to Colonial Development and Welfare. Then, it started full-scale commercial operations without testing them with what are called 'pilot trials'. These pilot trials are small-scale experiments to discover what will and will not work, and what capital and resources you will need. The failure of the poultry and egg undertakings in the Gambia, are

examples of this impetuosity on the part of the C.D.C. Then, the Corporation never seemed clear about its internal policy; there were three major changes in the first four years. And in its six years of life there has been a loss of close on £10,000,000, and the Chairman has hinted of further losses still.

This is serious enough for the tax-payer in this country who has to foot the bill, but what to my mind is infinitely worse is the deplorable reaction in the colonies. There have been several instances where projects have had to be ignominiously wound up. What happens? The inhabitants of some colony are told that the C.D.C. is going to open out a scheme. Hopes are raised for a general improvement in employment or in food or for the colony's trade. It must be remembered that nearly all the troubles in the colonies have an economic reason behind them—from the Gold Coast riots in 1948 to the outbreaks in British Guiana. It is the job of the C.D.C. to plug these economic breaches in the colonies. If, after a year or two, the projects they start have to be wound up, there is nothing left but cynical disillusionment. What is more, we have lost face badly and local agitators are quick to seize on a disgruntled population and stir up trouble. My own feeling is that we are going the wrong way about things in this type of development. For the way Colonial Development and Welfare is working I have nothing but praise; but we seem to be miles wide of the beam on this other, profit-making kind of development. What can we do about it?

In the first place I do believe that it is necessary to have some sort of profit-making government-aided development in the colonies if we are going to get things done on a large scale to meet the world's needs, and the needs of the colonies, today. But, to my mind, you must be prepared not only to lend money but to take off your coat and get down to working the projects yourself, thereby giving a lead to the colonial people. I emphatically do not think that the C.D.C. should be turned into something like another finance corporation which lends money and does nothing else. But cannot the Colonial Office, which already runs Colonial Development and Welfare, also look after the profit-earning type of development? I think it could. What should be done is to decentralise the work. At present the C.D.C. has senior executives abroad, but this is not really decentralisation. It is impossible to run so many different kinds of undertakings at long-range from London. Our colonies fall into natural geographical zones, and I believe, from my own observation in many of these zones, that you could set up independent regional boards to work on the spot, with the Secretary of State for the Colonies and a specialised staff to co-ordinate efforts in London. The regional boards could be set up in the Caribbean, West Africa, East Africa, Central Africa, the Far East, and the Pacific. If you put local officials and business men on these boards you could produce results: it is they, after all, who know the local snags. These regional boards would engage only on profit-making schemes, leaving Colonial Development and Welfare to take care of the others. They would help out practical private enterprise and also those local development corporations like the ones already started in Jamaica, Gold Coast, and Uganda.

Radical Suggestions

I am prepared to make an even more radical suggestion: instead of letting the Colonial Office control things at the top, why not let the other Dominions into the scheme? They are already taking an increasing interest in the colonies and their development. Why not create a Commonwealth Development Advisory Board to co-ordinate the work of the regional boards?

The other point I want to emphasise is that it is absolutely necessary to bring the inhabitants of the colonies right into this work at every level. You cannot expect them to be happy if you hand them only the manual and menial jobs. I can hear scandalised groans from some of my friends, who will point out that the African, for instance, is a 'hammer and chisel' man, and has no idea of administration. Of course he has not when he has not been trained. Who has? But those who have spent years surveying and working in industrial enterprises overseas, as I have, know the high level the trained African achieves. Look, for that matter, at the achievements of Ralph Bunche of the United Nations. But we are short of trained administrators in the colonies, and one of our immediate needs is for regional schools which would train executives, specialists, and field workers. These should be set up in connection with colonial development work if it is going to get anywhere. I am certain that we can be sure of creating stable conditions in the colonies only if we bring the people there into this work of development themselves and give them a sense of achievement. When that does happen it will be a bleak outlook for the agitator.—*Home Service*

The Listener

All communications should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1. The articles in THE LISTENER consist mainly of the scripts (in whole or part) of broadcast talks. Original contributions are not invited, with the exception of poems and short stories up to 3,000 words, which should be accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. The reproductions of talks do not necessarily correspond verbatim with the broadcast scripts. Yearly subscription rate (including postage); £1 4s. sterling. Shorter periods pro rata. Subscriptions should be sent to B.B.C. Publications, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, or to usual agents.

A Penny for the Artist

IN the attractively written ninth annual report of the Arts Council of Great Britain entitled *Public Responsibility for the Arts* we are reminded that without the half-million pounds of public money now invested each year by the Council and local authorities, nearly all the national institutions of music and drama would have to close down. The Arts Council, like other semi-public institutions—the B.B.C. and the British Council, for example—is the subject of constant criticism from every side. For both philistines and professionals are to be found among the critics: too much, say some, is spent on opera; too little, say others, is given to painting. And nearly all, except Londoners, complain that too much is spent in London. Private patrons, who are perhaps a dying class, may be as eccentric as they like; but however carefully a committee is constituted and needs weighed and balanced, it is certain that a public patron will be attacked. Yet if art has to be supported and sustained who is going to do so but such bodies as this? The general public, among whom are always to be found grumblers about spending the yield of taxation on anything much except lamp-posts and water closets, is modest in aiding the arts. When in the past men like Sir Thomas Beecham or the late Samuel Courtauld proved themselves discriminating patrons of the arts, who followed their lead? On the other hand, nobody complained about having to pay for pills or clothes.

The fact is that most persons are inclined to regard art as an extravagance. The middle classes—in the broadest sense of the term—may skimp and save not only to afford an expensive education for their children, from which they may or may not benefit, but will do so to decorate their home with an elaborate television set or cocktail cabinet. They will have their houses done over periodically with fresh wallpaper, often of an uninteresting pattern; they may even purchase a walnut bookcase to house an encyclopedia; but to buy paintings or books, let alone concert tickets, lies outside their habitual range of expenditure. Periodically, as today, we publish a book number, in which our reviewers pay tribute to the triumphs of authors who have written works of literature into which many years of research and thought have been poured. Frequently the price of these books is lower, say, than the cost of a good meal at a restaurant. Yet how many people buy them? If they are interested, they will no doubt borrow them from a library.

Yet (Mr. Barnett Freedman draws attention to the point in a broadcast talk we publish elsewhere this week) the real artist is seldom comparable with a shopkeeper or even a manufacturer. If a biscuit maker finds he is concentrating on an unpopular line, he can go over to something else. But the artist can work only within the range of his own genius. Some authors have turned with success from, say, the realistic novel to the thriller in the belief that thrillers may pay; some painters will take orders for book covers or postcards. But as often as not those who search desperately for a paying public are little more than hack workers and in their striving forfeit their title to genius. As Dame Edith Sitwell has observed, many of the greatest poets were little appreciated in their own lifetime; the works of a number of painters have shot up in price, after they were dead; new symphonies and operas have played to half-empty houses. One cannot fail to admire the selflessness of true artists who dedicate themselves to the daemon within them. Their rewards are rarely high; competition is fierce; and rackets are many. Let us therefore, whenever we can, spare them a penny.

What They Are Saying

The Nine-Power Conference

THE AGREEMENT announced at the Nine-Power London Conference on October 3 was hailed enthusiastically by western commentators, who paid high tribute to the contribution made by Mr. Eden, when he pledged that Britain would maintain her forces on the European continent. One commentator after another described this decision as 'historic', 'decisive', 'unprecedented'. From France, *Le Monde* was quoted as follows:

Great Britain has, with Mr. Eden's declaration, opened a new chapter in her history. . . . Today it is clear that the British leaders understand that they had in their hands the whole future of western defence. They have decided that the stakes are worth the sacrifice they have made—the hardest of all since it touches their national pride. And that, when speaking of the British, means something. All the Ministers present in London saluted the grandeur and the range of this gesture. France will especially appreciate it.

Several French newspapers were quoted as predicting that M. Mendès-France would now be ensured of support in the National Assembly. More than one newspaper maintained that French diplomacy had led to this change in the British attitude to European commitment. *Le Figaro* was quoted as describing the British pledge as representing the ambition of French Governments during the past few years. Several west German papers were quoted to the effect that 'British history knows of no parallel to Mr. Eden's undertaking'. According to *Die Welt*, it was now up to France to abandon her traditional prejudices in the interests of European unity. The west Berlin *Morgenpost* was quoted as follows:

Now Britain has entered the European boat. She has bound her fate to that of the Continent, thus removing the greatest obstacle on the road towards a closer European union. It may well be that September 29, 1954, will come to mean the turning-point in European history.

Britain's pledge was enthusiastically received in Italy, where the right-wing *Il Tempo* was quoted as saying:

It is a gesture with a dual significance, affecting on the one hand Europe, to whom Britain has given her contribution at last . . . and on the other, affecting the U.S. because it shows that Britain is now prepared to make this sacrifice in order to present America with European unity.

Il Giornale d'Italia was among several western papers to point out that the British pledge would be received in Moscow as a serious setback to its policy of preventing west German rearmament and European integration. Several newspapers in both Italy and west Germany pointed out that the Labour Party's vote on German rearmament strengthened Mr. Eden's position at the conference. From the U.S.A. the *New York Herald Tribune* was quoted as follows:

Mr. Eden made a speech worthy of an occasion that might be the forerunner of a new era of unity and peace in Europe. In surrendering so large a measure of control over their defence forces, in committing themselves so irrevocably to the fate of the Continent, Britain may well have made it possible for the free continent, and for its own life, too, to have a long history to unfold in peace.

The *Washington Post and Times Herald* referred to Britain's 'truly momentous break with insular tradition', and spoke also of the Herculean work of Mr. Attlee in securing a margin of Labour Party support for German rearmament, thus facilitating negotiation on the part of the Churchill Government. From Australia the *Melbourne Argus* was quoted as saying:

Britain's offer is not merely a great gesture for the preservation of peace, but an act of faith and intention without parallel. . . . It is a demonstration to the world of her innate stability and, in the final assessment, courage.

Up to the time of writing, there has been no reaction from Moscow. Earlier in the week a Moscow broadcast quoting *Pravda* claimed that France was being subjected to 'threats and blackmail'. An *Izvestia* article said that French public opinion was to be deceived by rumours of Britain's full participation. Satellite broadcasts spoke of 'deepening controversies'. An east German broadcast, quoting *Taegliche Rundschau*, claimed that only one choice faced the conference:

Rearmament of Germany by the Americans and their henchmen in Bonn or reunification of Germany on a peaceful and democratic basis. Rearmament and reunification are as incompatible as fire and water.

Did You Hear That?

SALT INTO FRESH WATER

FISHERMEN IN AUSTRALIA are among the first to benefit from a £1,000,000 project just completed. Nearly 300 square miles of lakes at the estuary of Australia's greatest river, the Murray, have been converted from useless salt lakes to big, fresh-water storages by a twelve-mile barrage across the river mouth. JOHN CAMPBELL, of the Australian Broadcasting Commission, described the barrage as the biggest of its kind in the world in a talk in 'The Eye-Witness'.

'Its great length', he said, 'is due to the fact that the Murray forms a wide estuary near the sea. The river runs into the lakes dotted with islands near the coast and goes through five channels to the Murray mouth, which cuts through the sandhills. The barrage has opened up new visions of intense cultivation and irrigation, so much so that 10,000 acres along the lake shores can be irrigated economically for dairying, cattle raising, and for market gardening. The city of Adelaide, only fifty miles away, will provide a ready market for the produce.'

'A few years ago, just before the war, settlers along the lake shores and along the lower reaches of the river were almost in despair. As locks were flung across the Murray higher up to keep up the levels for the vast irrigation projects which supply the bulk of Australia's dried fruit, wine, and citrus fruits, the levels in the lakes dropped lower and lower between flood periods. The result was that the sea, driven in by the wind and tide, gradually seeped upstream and invaded all the lake areas. The rushes along the lake-shores died and erosion set in. Cattle and sheep would not drink the water, and even the springs far back from the lakes became so brackish that the stock could not use them. Settlers were beginning to despair of the future.'

'Many difficulties had to be met when it was decided to build the barrages, for while they had to keep out the sea, they also had to permit the river floods to get through. It was a big undertaking, but it was finished in the early years of the war. The salt water had seeped in over a long period, and it was ten years before the stock began to drink the waters of the lakes. Then the settlers started to experiment with irrigation, and the rushes grew again and fears of erosion were dispelled'.

A GIFT FROM THE GORGIA

In a Midland Home Service talk about gypsies JIM PHELAN spoke about what they call 'the gorgia gift money'. (Gorgia means town-dwellers.) 'About forty years ago', he said, 'the canvassers for some of the big insurance companies realised that there was a lot of business to be done among the gypsies. So they signed on the Romany people in thousands, for endowment policies—pay sixpence a week and then at fifty-five you get a few pounds a week, for life. Normally, it pays them to give the income-for-life at fifty-five, because in the ordinary way of things people do not live an awfully long time to draw the money. But alas for the insurance people, those statistics apply to city people, not to wild folk, who live for ages. Why, a Romany man is only beginning life at fifty-five. You will see some of them getting married at seventy or over; the last time I saw Wally Baker's father he was ninety-three, and he was out in the yard building a new caravan.'

'Forty years ago the Romany joined the endowment insurance, and some of them have been drawing the money for twenty-five years to my knowledge. Town statistics do not apply to the road. The insurance companies had to learn that—the hard way. The joke is that many of the older Romany people think the money is a kind of gift from the gorgia—to make up for the persecutions of the past'.

DECEPTION ISLAND

'I visited Deception Island in the summer of 1952', said Father STOCKINS in a Home Service talk, 'and spent three months there acting as Chaplain to the Chilean Navy routine expeditions and at the same time I took photographs of the Island for the Navy.'

'Deception Island belongs to the group of the South Shetland islands.

The name of South Shetlands is misleading, for though they are on exactly the same latitude as their namesakes of the north, the fact of the antarctic being far colder than the arctic makes them practically uninhabitable. The name Deception in itself is also apt to lead to a certain misunderstanding. Deceptive, in this case at least, means simply: other than expected. In this sense whoever gave the island its name deserves special praise and commendation. It certainly turns out to be quite different from anything you would expect when sailing round the islands of the subantarctic.

'It is like a world of its own within the surrounding antarctic region.'

Strategically speaking it is a key to antarctic navigation, because it is the only place where vessels can obtain water. In the antarctic where there is no sort of vegetation nor any other living thing except sea animals and birds you would at least expect to find abundant fresh water everywhere. But, no!—the intense cold turns all the water into hard ice, and so there is no running water to be got anywhere in the antarctic. One of the hardest and most monotonous labours that the men on the bases have to cope with is the never-ending carrying in of heavy sacks or canvas bags of ice or snow to be melted down slowly in cauldrons attached to their kitchen stoves, for drinking, cooking, and all other household purposes. And this is precisely what renders Deception Island a strategic place in the antarctic. Owing to the volcanic formation of a relatively recent geological epoch, there still remains fire underneath the ground, and so the heavy snowfall which visits the island, as well as all the whole surrounding antarctic area, practically melts as it falls. This accounts for the several fresh-water wells which the island can offer for the supply of the visiting vessels, and which can be got nowhere else in the antarctic.

'Here is a picture of the island. Imagine a gigantic volcano which rises in the midst of the ocean. As a result of some extraordinary cataclysm—the proportions of which are far beyond imagination—the interior forces of the volcano, fire and steam, blew away the mountain's cone or upper section leaving a crater of colossal dimensions. In the process of years, maybe even centuries, the erosion of wind, rain, and the constant beating of the waves, managed to open a narrow breach in the outer ring or crater wall, and the waters of the ocean filled up or flooded the immense basin of the empty crater. So a huge harbour



Deception Island in the Antarctic: entrance to the harbour

was formed, like an interior sea-lake, capable of holding the whole of the British fleet. This harbour is called Forster Bay, after a distinguished German scientist who undertook important geological investigations on the island. When you look down on the island from an aircraft it seems like a gigantic lifebuoy being tossed about on the turbulent waters of the ocean'.

A CISTERCIAN ABBEY FOR SCOTLAND

On the slopes of the Lammermuir Hills in Scotland Cistercian monks have begun building a new abbey to be called the Sancta Maria. It will be some fifty years before their task is completed. MAURICE LINDSAY, who has been to the site at Nunraw, in East Lothian, to see the early stages of the work, spoke about the abbey in the Home Service.

'There were once', he said, 'eleven Cistercian abbeys in Scotland, the eldest of which was Melrose. There were also thirteen Cistercian convents, one of which was at Haddington in East Lothian. All were closed down at the Reformation, or destroyed shortly beforehand by the English invasions of 1544 and 1548.'

'In January 1946 a little group of monks set out from Mount St. Joseph Abbey in Ireland to found the first Cistercian abbey in Scotland to be built since the Reformation. They turned the old mansion house of Nunraw into a temporary monastery, and shortly afterwards began work upon the building of the new abbey, the Sancta Maria, on a field on the foothills of the Lammermuirs, about seven miles from Haddington. The very name Nunraw, the Nuns' Row, is a reminder of the time when the place was used as a grange, for nuns who could not be accommodated at the convent in Haddington itself.'

'The first sod of the Abbey Sancta Maria was cut on Easter Monday 1952, and the foundation stone was laid a few weeks ago. The abbey has been designed by an Edinburgh architect, Peter Whiston. His plan is, naturally, dominated by the church, but the abbey will also contain a sacristy, cloister-garth, refectory, guest house, and all the traditional appurtenances and offices. Mr. Whiston's design translates the ideas behind the great Cistercian building tradition into modern architectural terms. When I visited the site, some of the monks were at work on the new building. There are in all fifty-seven members of this community, but as the Cistercians are self supporting, and have in this case 1,000 acres to farm, only a proportion of them can work on the new abbey. Those who do are helped by holidaymakers and by voluntary help from nearby villagers. The stone, which is quarried by the monks, and transported by them in a lorry, comes from the nearby Rattleback quarry. It is a hard trachyte stone, which wears well. The building work is interrupted during the worst months of the winter, when the monks, instead of being in the fields, are in their stone-mason's shed, cutting and facing the huge blocks to be placed in position in the spring.'

'I watched some of the shifts, in their monks' garb, mixing cement, in silence, for Cistercians do not speak to each other. Others were placing stones, others dressing them. All worked with a fervour and energy which would have astonished the average commercial builder. The autumn sun was shining down brightly on the scene, the outline of some of the abbey buildings were already shaping three or four feet above the ground. There was absolute silence, but for the sound of sand and tools on the face of stone. Somehow it all seemed timeless, as if the monks were simply beginning again, where 400 years ago their predecessors in Scotland had to leave off.'



Local authorities throughout Britain will soon be studying new designs for street lamps submitted by the Council of Industrial Design. Recently in an interview in 'The Eye-Witness', Mr. George Williams of the Council of Industrial Design explained how lamp-posts are 'often much too noticeable' and how the Minister of Transport had asked the Council to undertake to maintain an approved list of lamp-posts, co-operating with the manufacturers towards a general improvement. In the photographs above are two columns made by the same manufacturer: on the left an earlier one, on the right a later one designed since the Council of Industrial Design took over this task

'When it is finished, Sancta Maria will be a landmark visible for many miles, much as the medieval Lucerne Londoni, or Lamp of the Lothians, once dominated another approach to Haddington'.

ADVERTISING THE MINT

The Royal Mint, in association with the British Council, has arranged a travelling exhibition to illustrate its work in the making of coins and medals. DONALD MILNER, a B.B.C. reporter, spoke about it in 'Radio Newsreel'. 'The exhibition', he said, 'is to be despatched to the Middle East in a fortnight's time, where it will visit Baghdad, Beirut, Damascus, and Amman. Later it will probably go further afield, perhaps to Burma and some of the South American states which, like Jordan and Iraq, are among the Mint's foreign customers. Some of the coins made for these countries, such as the delightful little set for the Republic of Ireland, compare favourably with our own new currency. But, like those minted for the Commonwealth, they are all of recent date; the period of the exhibition, as far as coins of the British Isles are concerned, however, is from Elizabeth to Elizabeth, that is to say

they are mainly milled money, made by the process which in the sixteenth century replaced the rather rough and ready striking of coins with a hammer. The pieces on view are all sealed in transparent plastic, and are mostly in Mint condition. Some of the best designs are by foreigners, notably Roettier and Briot, and Pistrucci, whose George and Dragon has retained its popularity for 150 years. But Wyon's head of the young Victoria is a masterpiece. And there are many other examples of British designs fully worthy of the craftsmanship which turned them into hard cash.'

'The way this was done in the past, and the processes used today are also illustrated in the exhibition. Among the photographic reproductions of early prints are one of the Mint on its old site in the Tower of London, where it was housed from about 1300, when there were many other Mints throughout the country, until 1811; and others showing the kind of horse-driven rolling mill and manual screw press used in the eighteenth century. There is also a picture of the most eminent Master of the Mint, Sir Isaac Newton, who

held office from 1699 until his death in 1727.'

'There are no examples of the tokens which are objects of interest to many numismatists, for these were no part of the Mint's business. But there is an attractive little collection of medals, from the Dominion of the Sea Medal of 1639 to the Korean Medal of 1953, and a number of oddities such as Charles I's Newark siege piece, and his Forlorn Hope Badge struck in Oxford in 1643. The display also includes replicas of the Great Seals of the four English Queens from Elizabeth I to Victoria, and of a number of British dependencies of the present day. The exhibition will not be on view for the time being in this country, but, as a visual introduction to the work of the Royal Mint through four centuries, it is likely to find a permanent home here when it returns from its goodwill and trade mission overseas'.

COLD COMFORT

'American researchers who attended a luncheon given by the Common Cold Foundation in New York', said CHRISTOPHER SERPELL, B.B.C. correspondent in a report in 'Radio Newsreel', 'stated that no known preparation of vitamins, antihistamines, or anything else, swallowed, injected, or inhaled, had any value in treating a cold or in shortening its duration'.

The Law and Obscenity

The first of two talks by F. J. ODGERS

OSCENE books and the liability of writers and publishers and distributors have been in the news a good deal in the past few months, and we have recently heard of the vindication of the *Decameron*. Whenever there is what some people may regard as an inconsistency or absurdity in the decisions of magistrates or juries, and particularly when an order is made for the destruction of a work which some regard as harmless or amusing or a classic, the tendency is to place the blame fairly and squarely on 'the law'. What, then, is the law?

Prosecution or Destruction

Obscene publications may come before the courts in two main ways. First, there may be a prosecution of a person, or persons, or a company, for the common law misdemeanour of publishing an obscene libel. This results in the trial of the accused by a jury, or in certain circumstances summarily by the magistrates, and the object is the punishment of the offender. Secondly, there is a special statutory procedure under which the magistrates may make an order for the destruction of certain obscene matter which is produced before them. Under this procedure there is no accused person—no one to be punished—and the only order the magistrates can make is for the destruction of the particular books, periodicals, prints, pamphlets, films, or other articles before them. Recent examples of the first procedure—the prosecution—include the case heard at the Central Criminal Court in July of this year before Mr. Justice Stable and a jury, in which the publishers and printers of a certain American novel were indicted and all acquitted. An example of the second procedure is the seizure in Swindon, in July also, of some 348 books of which 197, representing fifty or more titles, and including the *Decameron*, were ordered to be destroyed. We now know that the appeal committee of Wiltshire Quarter Sessions has reversed this order so far as it applied to the *Decameron*. I shall deal with the differences between these two forms of procedure in a second talk: in this talk I shall deal with the test of obscenity as an offence in English law—for the legal meaning of obscenity is the same whichever procedure is adopted, and the test is a matter of common law and not of statute.

The story of the development of this test by the courts starts for our purposes in 1867 at a time of bitter religious dispute. A Mr. Henry Scott, a respectable metal-broker of Wolverhampton, was a member of a Protestant society which had compiled a pamphlet with the provocative and offensive title: *The Confessional Unmasked: shewing the depravity of the Roman Priesthood, the iniquity of the Confessional, and the questions put to females in confession*. Scott bought a large number of these pamphlets from the central office of the society in London, and he sold 2,000 to 3,000 of them in Wolverhampton at the price he gave for them. He sold them to anyone who applied for them, some at street corners. The first half of the pamphlet related only to casuistical and controversial questions of doctrine, but the second half purported to give, in the words of the compiler (who, of course, was not Scott), 'a few extracts without abridgement to shew into what minute and disgusting details these holy men had entered'. Whatever the watch committee of Wolverhampton may have thought of the first part, they found themselves unable to tolerate the second. At their instigation a complaint was made to the magistrates, a warrant was issued, 252 pamphlets were seized, and the magistrates ordered them to be destroyed.

Scott then appealed to Quarter Sessions against this destruction order, and the Recorder hearing the appeal found certain important facts. He found that Scott's purpose was to promote the objects of the society and to expose what he deemed to be the errors of the Church of Rome and particularly the immorality of the confessional. He found that Scott did not desire, or have as his motive, the prejudicing of good morals. But he found also that the indiscriminate sale and circulation of the pamphlets was nevertheless calculated to—in the sense of 'likely to'—prejudice good morals. The Recorder, having found these facts, then took the view that the honesty of Scott's motive, however mistaken he

might have been, and the absence of any desire on his part to prejudice morals, afforded as a matter of law an answer to the allegation of obscenity. He accordingly quashed the destruction order—but subject to a case being stated for the opinion of the Court of Queen's Bench on the law. So it was with this background that in 1868 the question of obscenity in relation to published works came before a court presided over by Chief Justice Cockburn and including Mr. Justice Blackburn, Mr. Justice Lush, and Mr. Justice Mellor. The case is generally known as *R v. Hicklin* (1868) L.R. 3 Q.B. 360, Hicklin being the senior of the two magistrates who had made the original destruction order which was the subject of the appeal.

In *Hicklin* it was vigorously argued before the Queen's Bench that proof of a positive intent—a desire—to prejudice good morals was essential in the offence of obscenity. If the intention was innocent, it was argued, there could be no misdemeanour and therefore no jurisdiction to order destruction. If, said counsel for Scott, mere obscenity without reference to the object is indictable, what of many of the works of standard authors in English poetry, from Chaucer to Byron? And what, for instance, of Dryden's translation of the sixth satire of Juvenal, of Collier's *View of the Immorality of the English Stage*, of Bayle's *Dictionary*, and what, again, of the Venus then exhibited in the Dulwich gallery? But the court was not impressed by these rhetorical questions. Mr. Justice Lush thought it might be an offence to sell photographs of the Venus in the streets and Chief Justice Cockburn quoted the example of a medical treatise with illustrations for the information of those for whose education the work was intended. This, he thought, might be obscene in a certain sense though not the subject of an indictment in ordinary circumstances. But, he added, 'it can never be that these prints may be exhibited for anyone, boys and girls, to see as they pass. The immunity must depend on the circumstances of the publication'. Ultimately the Court unanimously reversed the order of the Recorder and restored that of the Wolverhampton magistrates—the pamphlet was obscene and must be destroyed.

'Tendency to Deprave and Corrupt'

Chief Justice Cockburn, in his judgement, laid down what he called a test of obscenity, and it is this test that has been accepted and applied by courts in this country and some of the Dominions in cases since 1868. 'The test of obscenity', he said, 'is whether the tendency of the matter charged as obscenity is to deprave and corrupt those whose minds are open to such immoral influences and into whose hands a publication of this sort may fall'. Applying his own test to the facts of the case before him, Chief Justice Cockburn found, as had the Wolverhampton magistrates and the Recorder, that the pamphlet did indeed tend to deprave and corrupt. The second half of the pamphlet was in the shape of a series of paragraphs, each involving impure practices, some of them 'of the most filthy and disgusting and unnatural description it is possible to imagine'. The pamphlet, he said, has been sold at corners of streets and in all directions and had fallen into the hands of persons of all classes, young and old, and the minds of those previously pure had been exposed to the danger of contamination and pollution from the impurity of its contents. This being so, the pamphlet was obscene. It had admittedly been published. And in so far as the common law required a guilty intent as well as a guilty act to constitute a crime, the court was content with the maxim that a man is presumed to intend the natural consequences of his act. When a man publishes a work manifestly obscene he must be taken to have the intention which is implied from the act. An offence had thus been committed and the question 'May you commit an offence against the law in order that thereby you may effect some ulterior object which you have in view, which may be an honest and even a laudable one?' was inevitably answered with an emphatic 'No'.

What, then, are the propositions of law which emerge from *Hicklin*? First, that the test of obscenity as an offence in English law is the tendency of the matter in question to deprave and corrupt. Secondly, that if such a tendency is established, the motive of the publisher or

distributor is irrelevant to the issue of guilt (though it may be relevant to punishment). Thirdly, the magistrates or jury must have regard to the kind of person into whose hands the work may fall and the susceptibility of the minds of those persons to immoral influences. They must judge the work in the particular circumstances of its publication. It is clear from the case that a work may be obscene in the eyes of the law when published to one set of persons and not obscene when published to another.

Motives and Immunity

On the point of motive or object, which was the real issue in *Hicklin*, later cases are of interest. *Hicklin* was decided in 1868 but the story of the pamphlets was by no means finished. The society of which Scott was a member brought out a second edition of *The Confessional Unmasked*, making, it is true, a number of deletions in deference to the views of the court. A bookseller who sold this new edition was indicted and tried in 1870 at Winchester Quarter Sessions, but the jury disagreed as to his guilt. The society, with some satisfaction, produced and sold in its bookshop in London a *Report of the Trial*, annexing to it the full text of the second edition of *The Confessional Unmasked*, despite the fact that, although it had been put in evidence, it had not been read out in court. In the following year, 1871, a London magistrate made an order for the destruction of the *Report* and this was upheld by the Court of Common Pleas under the title *Steele v. Brannan* L.R. 7 C.P. 269. The new version of *The Confessional Unmasked* was, it was held, still obscene in the *Hicklin* sense, for it tended to deprave and corrupt in the circumstances in which it was published, and the fact that it was circulated in the garb of a report of a judicial proceeding afforded it no privilege. The courts were thus clearly of opinion in *Hicklin* and in *Steele v. Brannan* that it might be dangerously easy to publish matter tending to deprave and corrupt in the guise of an exposure of an alleged evil, and that if they accepted the principle that it was justifiable to commit one evil so as to avoid another, the door would be wide open to writers and publishers whose motives might not be as honest as those of Mr. Scott of Wolverhampton. This point, which is particularly relevant at the present day, has been stressed in later cases. In Australia a pamphlet was published called *The Answer*, in which a new theory about coition between humans was advanced—a theory which had never before been considered by medical or scientific men. This, in 1900, was held to be obscene despite its object, the court saying firmly that 'the raising of a ridiculous controversy cannot secure immunity for matter which is in itself obscene'.

In 1932, it was argued on behalf of an author who had tried unsuccessfully to get certain verses set up in print, that it would be a good defence to show that the publication of matter *prima facie* obscene was for the public good, as being necessary or advantageous to religion, science, art, or literature, provided that the manner and extent of the publication did not exceed what the public good required. These words were, in effect, those of Mr. Justice Stephen in his *Digest of the Criminal Law*, and they were, it must be admitted, accepted by the Recorder in his direction to the jury at the Central Criminal Court. But no comment was made on them by the Court of Criminal Appeal to which the author appealed without any success against his conviction by the jury. The defence stated in this form has not been accepted by the courts, and the argument is perhaps no more than that such a work, in the circumstances of its publication, may not tend to deprave and corrupt: not that if it does it is justified by its purpose.

On the other major point in *Hicklin*, that a work must be judged in the particular circumstances of its publication, the courts have been consistent. In 1900 the seller of what his counsel insisted was a classic, *The Heptameron of Margaret Queen of Navarre*, found himself before a jury at the Central Criminal Court. The jury, who subsequently acquitted him, were told by the Common Serjeant that there is an old saying that dirt is only matter in the wrong place and that they must consider the effect of the distribution of the work having regard to the persons to whom, and the time and the circumstances under which, it was put forth. The Common Serjeant said: 'In towns buried from the corrupt times of the Roman Empire, now disinterred . . . there are discovered pictures of the most lewd and filthy character . . . nobody would think of destroying these pictures, but to sell photographs of them in the streets of London would be an indictable offence'. He pointed out to the jury as a relevant fact that the copy of *The Heptameron* in question was being sold for 1s. 11d., clearly accepting, as Cockburn had in *Hicklin*, that there could be a considerable difference in effect between a work sold in one place at one price and

to one set of persons, and the effect of that same work, or extracts from it, sold in a different place, at a different price, to different persons. And in an Australian case reference was once more made to the exhibition of diagrams which, though admittedly necessary for the instruction of medical or scientific classes, would be indictable if made to what was described as a general and prurient audience.

So the law has consistently required the fact-finders—the magistrates or the jury—to consider the hands into which the works are likely to fall and to consider whether the owners of those hands have minds open to immoral influences in the writing. It is such persons that the law has always in mind and not, as a Recorder is reported to have put it in 1932, 'bishops or responsible people with clean minds'.

Thus the substantive law as to obscenity as an offence is admittedly the same in 1954 as it was in 1868. The law associates obscenity more with public nuisance than with crimes of the wicked mind. The law stands, rightly or wrongly, on the principles we have been considering—that the essence of the offence is the tendency, not the intent, to deprave and corrupt, and that culpability or immunity depend on the circumstances of publication. What the cases have not done, and could not have done, is to lay down a test of the sort of matter which in fact tends to corrupt and deprave. This is in each case a question that must be left to the magistrates or the jury. The common law does not, never has, and indeed cannot, set an absolute standard in the matter. It has laid down a test in law and it leaves the application of the test to what it regards—again rightly or wrongly—as the good sense of the magistrates and the juries, recognising that their attitude may change from time to time.

In 1900, for instance, the Common Serjeant at the Old Bailey reminded his jury: 'In the Middle Ages things were discussed which if put forward now for the reading of the general public would never be tolerated'. On the other hand, Lord Goddard has said this year: 'I can well understand that nowadays novelists and other writers mention things which they would not have mentioned in the reign of Queen Victoria'. And in July Mr. Justice Stale directed a jury in these words after he had quoted the test laid down in *Hicklin*: 'Because that is a test laid down in 1868, that does not mean that what you have to consider is, supposing this book had been published in 1868, and the publishers had been prosecuted in 1868, whether the court or the jury nearly a century ago would have reached the conclusion that the book was an obscene book. Your task is to decide whether you think that the tendency of the book is to deprave those whose minds today are open to such immoral influences and into whose hands the book may fall in this year, or last year when it was published in this country, or next year or the year after that'. The legal test, then, remains the same—but its application may change with the times.—*Third Programme*

September on the Embankment

Scarfed in a fog the Thames, the elms half-dressed
As autumn models, horns on the highroad,
Charwomen below stairs, a sunbeam pressed
On mist, and statues where the living stood.

Coal-barges moan seawards, where swans drive
Across oiled furrows. Gulls out of pity
Rise and follow. Each man feels he's alive,
Each leaf in the stone forest called a city.

The laughter sinks out of the flowers' eyes.
Apollo dies. My ears are robbed of silence,
The earth of gardens. Here kisses picked with lies
As berries burn upon the poisoned sense.

An ebbing mouth draws out a stranger's grief
Where tidefall robbery leaves river mud.
Beside a tree of loving leans a thief
Whom the night's customers embrace as god.

Hourly by Thames wall out of unknown thighs
Pressed for relief a child of burden's born,
Whom day-bells drown, and pity-lacking eyes
Deny in the dead garden heaped with stone.

RICHARD MURPHY

Art Under Ground

GEOFFREY GRIGSON on the cave paintings of France

THE way from England to Lascaux and the other caves and rock shelters of Dordogne and Ariège brings one conveniently, first of all, to another shrine. Route Nationale number ten crosses the flat fields from Paris to Chartres. Outside the cathedral the glitter of stone is suddenly cooled when the eyes come to the black, soft entrance into this cave of the Middle Ages. The first of the great caves are still 250 miles of hard driving to the south; they also are cathedrals, enshrining an art which was symbol, and ritual, and life. If contrasts are required, the cave route carries one eventually to Montauban where the Musée Ingres — if that is the verb — enshrines conceit, coldness and death. But by that time Lascaux will have been entered, if not other caves, including Font-de-Gaume and Les Combarelles for its engravings.

There is a first point which is not well made if you content yourself with a visit only to Lascaux and to no other cave. Lascaux is wonderful, but you come too quickly to the wonders. You leave the sunlight (and the *café*) among the pines on the grey hill overlooking Montignac and the Vézère, you go down steps, through a concrete portal, you buy your ticket in the antechamber, and then, as though you were visiting a gallery in Bond Street, you are at once ushered to the paintings, to the huge black bulls, first of all. If the modern entrance corresponds to the palaeolithic entrance, then here the link between the two worlds is unusually brief. For the palaeolithic painters and, we may suppose, for the initiates who paid their ritual or sacramental visits upon rare occasions, the link between daylight and what was to be revealed, ultimately, was apt to be long; it was often, in other caves, dark, awkward, dangerous.

This is well exemplified by the great cathedral cave of Niaux, still further south, in Ariège, a few miles out of the mountain resort of Tarascon. With a guide you drive from Tarascon into another valley of the Pyrenees, then climb up the side of the valley, or the side of the mountain, by a

path through scrub and wild lavender. Snow peaks which are over the Spanish border come in sight. The guide lights two acetylene lamps (Niaux has no electricity) and a hole in the grey tumble of rock admits you to the mountain. At Niaux the pilgrimage goes on and on from this original entrance. The cave is sometimes as wide as a road, sometimes narrow. Sometimes the floor is smooth, sometimes rough with young or broken stalagmites, sometimes interrupted with blocks of fallen limestone or with glacial boulders anciently and torrentially swept into

the cave, sometimes wet, sometimes dry. A few blind alleys lead off on either side. The roof is invisible, even in the strong acetylene light. A sharp turn, and the path climbs over an enormous sand-dune, piled up by the ancient torrents, and studded since then with bosses of stalagmite. Then at last, after a tramp of more than half a mile underground, or under mountain, you are in the Salon Noir, the sanctuary: on the walls of this round, ultimate cave or cathedral chamber are black horses, black ibex, bison, and a black stag, large and clear.

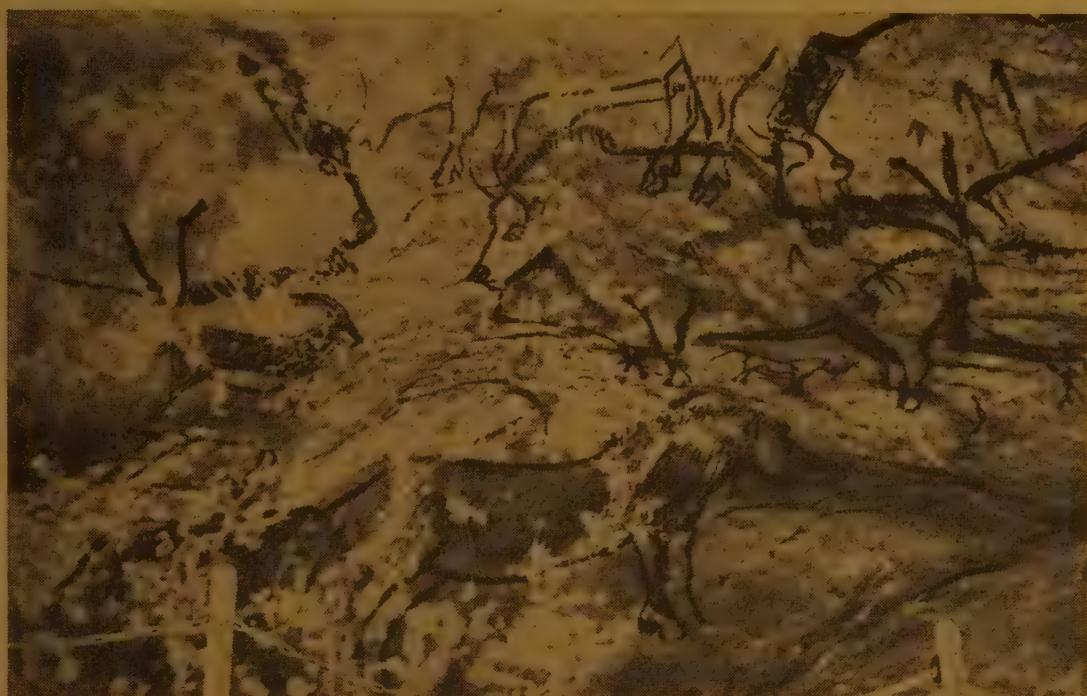
Yet even the vast

Niaux is too easy a

cave. The danger and anxiety and exhilaration of the journey to the final paintings, I can imagine more completely, in spite of electric light, in the mighty cavern of Pech-Merle, high in the desert limestone hills south-east of Dordogne. At Pech-Merle the cemented path to the

bison, the horses, the mammoths, the macaroni squiggles on the roof (and the petrified imprints of naked palaeolithic feet), shifts from level to level; it squeezes between rocks and pillars, it skirts cave pisoliths and cascades of flowstone, and traverses cathedral aisles and transepts and naves of wild forms and extravagant colours. It is rather as if one entered Ely Cathedral, all dark or shadowed underneath, by way of the lantern. Here the paintings are about a quarter of a mile from the prehistoric entrance, and still an impressive way from the modern one.

Or take a third cave, Les Trois Frères, in the Pyrenean foot-hills: no lights, no regular visiting, no prepared paths, a plan of the utmost



Group of animals, painted in black, from the Salon Noir, or sanctuary, of the cave of Niaux
From 'Art in the Ice Age', by J. Maringer and H.-G. Bandi (Allen and Unwin)



Spotted horse in the cave of Pech-Merle

intricacy, shifts of level, squeeze holes, the bones of cave bears untidy on the rough floor. The modern entry into this cave is through a leafy, flowery embrasure at the foot of a limestone ridge in gentle farm country; then through a dwarf's iron door, and a squeeze hole, down iron ladders, and along a confusion of these corridors, high and low, wide and intensely shadowed or grimly constricted. Bats, invisible and like a faint breeze, go past your face. One could well think of a Magdalenian boy giving way to terror and rooting himself against another step, after he had squeezed, climbed, descended, stooped, crawled, tripped, knocked himself and scraped himself, on this dolorous, ill-lit journey to the engraved reindeer, bison, horses of the sanctuary of Les Trois Frères, and the black-painted, superintendent figure of the horned deity or spirit.

These three caves, Niaux, hollowed out by the torrents of the melting glaciers, Pech-Merle, and Les Trois Frères, rank high among the painted caves. I must mention a fourth, Cougnac, which is just off the road N.704, which one takes from Lascaux towards Cahors and Pech-Merle. Cougnac is a cavern newly discovered and newly opened. A walk

through a wood brings you to a house above the cave, above at least the entrance or rock shelter with a gate and an iron grille where the seed potatoes were left to sprout. Behind the potatoes and the gardening and household odds and ends, no one realised the existence of a cave silted up to the ceiling. They have cut through the silt. The cave quickly enlarges, veils of the most delicate white stalactites appear. After many windings downhill the cave enlarges again into a hall with a central stalactite pillar, or column, ringed about with ivory-white stalagmites and stalactites. It is like a cathedral chapter house, Wells or Salisbury, with the roof many feet lower. In this withdrawn circle of coolness and silence and white delicacy, reindeer, ibex, horse, mammoth stand on the wall in black and red. On a stag, and on a mammoth are the small black outlines of men struck with spears.

In the penetralia of each cavern all is immensely strange. Supposing that in the eighteenth century you forgot to light your lamp or your candles until after dark, or that your light blew out: in that event you had to grope round the room, or room after room, for the tinder box, you had to get the tinder ignited in the dark. It could be tiresome and difficult. More so for the palaeolithic artist deep in his cave. Difficult enough to give himself sufficient light by pine twigs or pine slivers or slab lamps of stone with animal grease and wick. Difficult, and fearsome as well, if his light failed.

All such considerations make the circumstantial points about art under ground well enough. These paintings of a religious and magical art were contrived as compulsively, or more compulsively, than the stained glass of a cathedral or the quattrocento frescos around an altar. But dwelling upon this and upon our own imaginative adventures in reaching the sanctuary of a Niaux or Trois Frères may do another thing: in the art-historical fashion of reconstructing the environment of purpose, meaning, and emotion it may altogether falsify our reaction to this ancient naturalistic art.

How good are the paintings, the drawings, the engravings? Is their goodness exaggerated? Of course, those are portmanteau questions; yet I think that many of us, on the evidence of tracings and colour reproductions, are inclined to suspect the prehistorian. We suspect him of making too much aesthetically of what, upon other grounds, certainly is one of the grand discoveries and wonders of the history of men. The

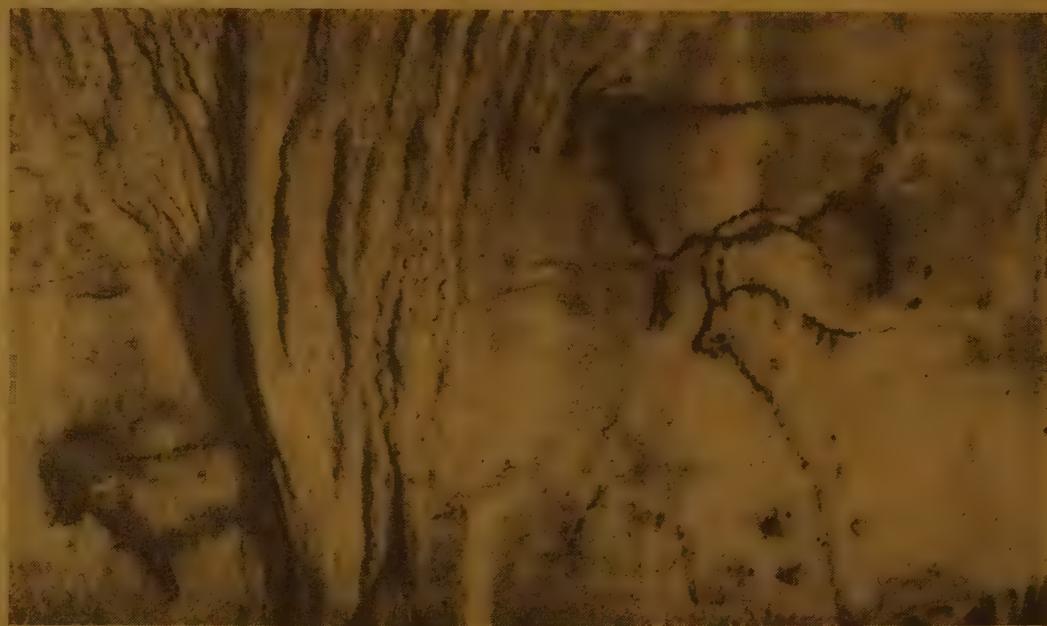
quick answer is that palaeolithic paintings are good, superb occasionally, and bad, and in-between; according to the artist, his degree of skill, and, when he has the skill, his momentary degree of possession and the availability of his powers; which is the answer that one would make to the portmanteau question of how good is European painting from Giotto to Kandinsky or Sir Alfred Munnings.

I should say that Lascaux is eminent rather for quantity and preservation than for quality. At Lascaux there are dull, lumpy animals: there are as well, for example, deer, delicately and vitally observed, known, and realised upon the limestone, from the stiff, brittle, intricate pattern of the antlers to the tenderness of the muzzle and the nervous lift of the head. At Niaux, to compensate for more creatures which are dull and lumpy, the artists have most vitally given the frizziness and the animal character of the wild horses; at Niaux also a three-foot drawing of a red deer sweeps its black line deliciously and convincingly from the curve of the antlers down the sinuosities of the back and over the full tenderness of the rump, and round below the softness of the belly.

From visiting the caves, and from reproductions (which, by the way, often weaken the quality of the originals to a great degree), I conceive that the artists, broadly speaking, pictured with the most confidence and the most aesthetic affection and so with the most durable effect animals of three kinds, deer and reindeer and horses. Bison, which so much abound on the caves, are unwieldy and awkward monsters to encompass with a line. At Niaux, at Lascaux, and elsewhere, the bison images appear to me unsatisfying and unconvincing. Mam-

moths must have seemed a trifle ridiculous and grotesque. So they appear, at least, in the caves. It is as though bison and mammoth had been drawn rather from necessity than from that delight in form and line which at any rate the best Magdalenian artists of the later phases of the Upper Palaeolithic felt no less than it was felt by a Pisanello. A tenderness to deer and reindeer, partly, I suppose, dependent upon their form, an ambivalence of pleasure in their existence and of gratification because they are useful either slaughtered or captive, has continued, after all. Also if palaeolithic man chased and ate the wild horse, there, as well, a kinship began of a like ambivalence. The horse still carries king or queen, the horse has been painted and carved through the ages, and in the towns near the French painted caves the horse's head in plaster still projects above the butcher's shop.

Visiting the caves, we simply need to discriminate, as we are accustomed to do in the Uffizi or the Brera, separating the enlivening from the dreary. Archaeologists have not always discriminated, they are too prone to the words 'wonderful' and 'splendid'; but then their chief business is archaeology. It is certain that the best cave works by the best of the cave masters are what we so briefly call great art, by artists who were at work withdrawn and in the spirit. Arrows may be inscribed on the flanks of animals; others may be gravid, others may walk two and two, male with female; but it does not do just to sweep these images away as hunting magic or fertility magic. In these images men long ago, in the age of the glaciers, already gave visible and adequate shape to their deepest concerns. These images are symbols and vehicles of their interior life, no more simply utilitarian than a triptych above an altar. Through all the extent of cave art, it is the life of the animals, a shared life, and not the profitable achievement of their death, which is tenderly and toughly predominant. It is neither Landseer nor the Chicago slaughterhouse.—*Third Prog. unme*



Paintings of ibex in the newly discovered cave of Cougnac

Geb, Gourdon

A Painter and His Public

By BARNETT FREEMAN

I WISH I could discuss 'a house-painter and his public', instead. The issues would be so simple. A house-painter with his strong arm, efficient craftsmanship and a clear forty-hour week in front of him, stops up cracks, cleans, repairs, paints and varnishes the homes we live in, and by doing so he satisfies his customers and provides himself with his daily bread. The job has to be done with careful foresight and planning, and although it is a straightforward and practical task in the main, it is not so entirely: in a small way it touches the fringe of art (sometimes known as 'interior design' if you wish to be 'high-class'). No, it is not only a practical job, for won't someone have to exercise his artistic gifts and choose the colours? The experienced house-painter lets the family fight it out. He is wise enough to know that everyone has a right to his own opinion on matters of taste. To him customers are always right—if only they could make up their minds.

When the painting is done and all is ship-shape again, wouldn't it be nice to have some pictures that would go with the newly coloured walls, and harmonise with the furniture? They must be interesting pictures, too, not stuffy old things, something a bit modern or Bond Street-ish, but not too modern, mind you; perhaps something Royal Academy-ish, they are not too modern, and besides they are sure to be good if they come from that place—anybody will tell you so; everybody, in fact.

Thirty years ago pictures were thought to be unnecessary. Public galleries were visited by a few of the many unemployed, young romantic lovers, and children when it was too wet to be out of doors. It was the height of fashion to possess no pictures whatever. This mean and poverty-stricken approach to life was the direct outcome of a long period of over-ornamentation (Victorian 'chokery' my father used to call it). When the reaction came about, fashion decreed that walls should be plain and unadorned and people actually bragged about their blank walls—biscuit or cream-coloured: as boring as a billiard ball. We have not returned to where we were. Wallpapers are being stuck up again by the mile, a different design and colour for each of the four walls and ceiling, while ferneries, fancywork, china pots, and quaint curiosities of every calibre are crowding in upon us. Pictures once more are all the rage.

Age of Art Exhibitions

We have conjured up a vision of the public, or at least one portion of it—and what a lot we are! Now we can try to find the artists who will satisfy this public, and paint the pictures it wants. This should not be difficult. Surely there are many artists who are prepared to supply the demand on the same lines as any decent shop-keeper, their motto being 'You want the best pictures to go with your furniture—we paint them'. So we live in an age of art exhibitions which tour up and down the country like the Barnum circuses of olden days—large ones, small ones, privately sponsored or rushed up by municipal councils, arts councils, educational bodies, and local societies.

Art critics—gossip writers thinly disguised, in my view—are for ever discovering new great masters overnight, who are nineteen years of age and easily the finest painters since Constable, or they rake up some dear old lady who began art at the ripe age of seventy, never having had a single lesson before, and now her work is so popular that she sells every picture she paints. The dealers are delighted with her—long may she live. These critics have a jargon of their own. One talks of the 'Meaning of Beauty', another of the 'Beauty of Meaning'. A poor lot they are, these explainers of art, frustrated authors, or maybe minor poets, taking a swig out of everybody's bottle but their own, which is empty and dry.

'Art for Everyman' is now in full swing: our letter-boxes function to capacity with daily invitations to shows of Old Masters, new masters, pottery, sculpture, mobiles, fuitiles, artistic false teeth, and the very latest consignment of Native Art from Darkest Europe. There's no business like show business!

Documentary films of artists at work have also been a great success.

We are shown artists in various moods of enquiry and contemplation accompanied by the soft lugubrious tones of 'canned' music as they slowly meander along country paths, imbibing inspiration from leaf and flower, from stone and stubble (nature must always come first, you see). The music changes; it becomes atonal and ethereal; we are regaled with a slow-motion close-up of brushmarks flowing, not directly on to canvas, but on to plate-glass instead, behind which the great man himself performs; and through this glass we are allowed to peep into the very soul of genius—the hidden core of creation. It makes me sick.

Encouraging 'Superficial Curiosity'

What good can come of all this 'exhibitionitis' (as a newspaper recently called it)? What can anyone get out of rooms chock-a-block with people whose very numbers prevent any sort of enjoyment or quiet contemplation of the works on show? These things merely encourage the most superficial curiosity and add just one more topic to the usual drawing-room claptrap. There exists a very flourishing art industry in these days, carried on by a host of people—good and worthy folk in private life—who extract their sustenance from art (but don't produce any, mark you): art directors, art dealers, art examiners, art advisers, art restorers, art framers, art publishers, art printers, art editors, art inspectors, *goodness gracious!* art assessors, art councils, art critics, and drawing-pin manufacturers. The true artist stands in the midst of all this, attending first and foremost to the problems of painting his pictures. They are problems sufficiently complex in themselves to absorb his entire energies and they require a lifetime of hard work.

There are plenty of other, mundane problems that beset an artist at the present time, when private patronage can never be more than intermittent and on a small scale, and public patronage is rare, lacking in nobility of conception, and in any case is in the control of bodies and committees who dare not make a false move however good their intentions might be.

Even the Arts Council, with its real and forward policy and its bold understanding of contemporary art, spends hundreds of thousands of pounds on opera, ballet, and drama, thus giving employment to singers, dancers, actors, musicians, typists, and lorry drivers, but leaves itself a small, a pitiful amount of money for the direct purchase of works by living painters. True, it organises, exhibits, encourages, and promotes with commendable vigour and enthusiasm, but it does not, nor does anyone, employ artists full-time, as was done in the days gone by. Then, a painter could feel secure for long periods of his lifetime (and even when he was too old to work any longer) in the protection of his patron. Now he has neither church, nor state, nor duke, he just sells here and there—at an odd exhibition, or perhaps to an old school-friend, hoping to earn his weekly £20, as other men do. Who has ever thought of adding up to find out that to achieve this humble sum regularly he must needs paint and sell, between the age of thirty and seventy, £80,000-worth of pictures (if the expenses of his calling are taken into account and all the usual commissions on sales are deducted)? No good artist can sell so many. Not at all.

All he can do is to follow his calling in a clear, straightforward manner, working out his salvation, one might say, within the four walls of his studio—his workshop—which should enclose him completely. Here he must accept responsibility for every facet of his work and decide entirely 'off his own bat' the size and proportion of his picture; the subject, the form, the colour and texture; whether it is to be an oil painting, a water-colour, a drawing, or a lithograph. He has no order-number to refer to, nor can he say to client or dealer, 'What would you like today—a blue one, very smooth, or a red one, done with the palette knife? Could I offer you a seated nude figure, or a still-life of strawberries fresh and morning gathered? Perhaps you could do with one in the latest Picasso style, or how about a nice line in spurious eighteenth century?

I do not for one moment mean to give the impression that a painter creates entirely from within himself: that would be silly. He is bound to be influenced and sustained by what has been done in the past, by

the great works of the masters he admires. Also, it is to his own age and time that he must look for the true motivating force of his work. But that is a very different matter indeed from pleasing or working for a public—as an actor must do, or a *prima donna*, or a virtuoso violinist. They must have an audience; but not so a poet, a painter, or a composer. To work to a standard set by a public audience (or their henchmen, the critics) is the very negation of their job, for how can they even begin to do so, and what section can they set out to please? Is the painter to concentrate on pictures for over-forties living in Mayfair, or should he specialise in pictorial pennypinches for the under-privileged? If he is to paint a portrait, what stand must he take there? Does he please the sitter, or her friends, or her relations? If her friends, how does he find out what they like; and if he finds out they each like a different kind of portrait, which special friend does he satisfy? Try as he may, he will not satisfy them all: in actual fact he will make nobody happy with that portrait for there is bound to be ‘something wrong with the mouth’—there always is. So to make the job worth doing, there is only one way: you please yourself entirely. A true artist finds that the most difficult of all things.

I once did a painting for a man well known for his sympathy and understanding towards artists. ‘Do you like it?’ I said. ‘No, I hate it’, he answered. ‘Well, if there are any changes you’d like me to make . . .’ I said (I was very young in those days). He cut me short. ‘Have you done your best work for me?’ he asked. ‘Well, that’s all I need’. But it is a rare thing to meet a man of that kind. Committees cannot function like that, nor can public bodies. They could do so only if they possessed the courage to leave it to one man to act with complete freedom—but not otherwise. Artists do not thrive on public decisions. Who was Van Gogh’s public, or Cézanne’s, or the noble Pissarro’s? No public ever thought Daumier the great master he was, but just another cartoonist for Charivari. He ended his poverty-stricken days in a cottage given him out of kindness by Corot.

How do artists remain alive, what prevents them from dying off, if there is so little popular acceptance of their work? The answer is

that many of them do die off. Some cling on. There are a good number of fine painters in this country who support themselves by art teaching. It is not entirely satisfactory, but it is better than being dead. The reward is freedom to paint in whatever time there is to spare, and because of financial security the artist can practically ignore exhibitions and competitions and all the corroding influences that go with them. He can work away quietly and steadily without any fear of becoming ‘well known’ or of ‘getting into the newspapers’.

For those painters who do not teach, every kind of adventure comes their way, and they eke out a precarious existence, not entirely devoid of excitement. They learn to tackle many sorts of jobs: an inn sign, perhaps, or the illustration of a book. They could design a noble building, or lay out some magnificent public highway, as artists in the past did, but they are not allowed to do such things these days: one goes to the accredited experts for that kind of work, with the result that noble buildings today—but perhaps I had better not say! A portrait commission can be a great help, for there are still a few clients who do not require a stuffed likeness but, alas! the best portrait commissions can lead to disaster one way or another.

I knew a wise old artist—he was a Frenchman—who had completed a portrait of a lady. She said, when she saw it, ‘Yes, I like it, but I cannot finally accept it because my cat might not be of the same opinion’. ‘Bring the cat, madam, and we’ll see what it thinks’, said the artist; and when the cat saw the portrait of its mistress, up went its back and its dissatisfaction was evident. ‘Bring the cat back again next week, madam. I’ll just put in a few more finishing touches which should prove satisfactory’. Next week puss was brought again, and this time all went well, for it purred and rubbed itself affectionately against the portrait. The lady was delighted and paid for the picture there and then.

‘You see, my boy’, said the wise old artist when he told me the story, ‘that cat knew what it wanted, so just before it came the second time, I rubbed a kipper all over the portrait. The customer is always right’.—*Home Service*

William Morris as an Artist: A New View

The first of two talks by PETER FLOUD

I WANT to put forward a new view of William Morris' position and influence as an artist. This must sound a rather presumptuous claim, for Morris is not one of those Victorians who is due for rehabilitation after years of neglect. Ever since his death in 1896 there has been a steady stream of books about him, almost all written by admirers—there have been no fewer than five in the last four years—and one might well think that there was nothing left to say about him.

My main justification for claiming a new point of view about Morris is that during the past two years, part of my work at the Victoria and Albert Museum has been trying to sort out all his designs, trying to establish their precise dates, relating original designs to finished textiles, separating off Morris' own designs from those of his assistants, searching for surviving specimens of missing designs, and so forth. In doing this I have had a chance to study and get to know over 300 Morris designs, and as far as I am aware there is, unfortunately, no one else now alive who has had the same chance, for the simple reason that many of his designs have not been easily accessible for the last forty or so years and the great majority of them have never been illustrated. As a result, almost all those who have written about Morris' art during this century have had to rely on his voluminous writings about art rather than on his own actual productions. You might think that this did not matter much; but in fact it does, for my study of the designs has shown up some startling discrepancies between them and Morris' theories, so that there is a real danger that unless attention is redirected to the actual designs a cumulatively distorted picture of his achievement and influence will be built up and come to be generally accepted.

In the case of Morris, as with other nineteenth-century figures, this danger is exaggerated as a result of the unfortunate effect of Queen Victoria's reign having been so long and so homogeneous. If you take the twentieth century, the first fifty years have been so neatly sliced up

for us by short reigns and wars, that no writer can hope to get away with vague dates and muzzy generalisations covering the whole period. But the last half of the nineteenth century—in fact the whole sixty-four years of Victoria's reign—was so uninterrupted by such calamities that serious writers on, for example, the history of taste, or of furniture, or interior decoration, think nothing of summing up the whole period in a few pages and can confuse the eighteen-sixties with the eighteen-eighties without anyone noticing. The relevance of this to Morris is that, though his career as a designer began in 1861, he wrote nothing on art till 1877, and his real influence as a writer came even later and started only in the mid eighteen-eighties. I believe that a good deal of confusion has arisen from muddling his early influence as a designer with his later influence as a writer.

The standard view about Morris can be stated simply. It says that during the first half of the nineteenth century public taste in the decorative arts deteriorated steadily (as a result of the influence of the industrial revolution), till it reached its lowest ebb in the pretentious and vulgar monstrosities of mid-Victorianism, as shown in the furniture, pottery, carpets, and so on, at the Great Exhibition of 1851. Shortly after this, according to the usual theory, William Morris initiated a campaign against bad taste and philistinism and, almost single-handed, succeeded in revolutionising the public attitude to the decorative arts in general, and to interior decoration in particular. This is the normal view, and you will hardly find a single book that includes the nineteenth century, whether on furniture, stained glass, printing, silversmithing, or any of the other decorative arts, that does not give Morris credit—and usually sole credit—for the Victorian renaissance.

Of one thing we can be certain. Morris was by no means the first rebel against mid-Victorian philistinism. Professor Pevsner and one or two others have recently shown clearly that Morris' attacks were anticipated both by A. W. N. Pugin, the Gothic Revival architect, and

by the group of designers, administrators, and theorists, centred on Owen Jones, who had so much to do with promoting the Great Exhibition of 1851 and later with criticising the defects in public taste which it exposed. But even these writers usually give the impression that these precursors of Morris had little real influence themselves, and that it was only after Morris came on the scene and added his powerful voice to theirs that there was any real change in the general level of production or of public taste.

My examination of actual designs from this period has convinced me that this is not so. I have recently had the good fortune to discover a large, representative, and so far completely unexplored collection, containing several thousand actual samples of wallpapers, textiles, and carpets, dating from 1850 to 1860: that is, from the ten years between the Great Exhibition and Morris's start as a decorative artist. These prove without a doubt that, as far as wallpapers and carpets are concerned, a real revolution in design had already occurred before Morris founded his firm in 1861.

In 1850 almost all the wallpapers and carpets conform to our normal stereotype of mid-Victorian design: vulgar sprawling bouquets of cabbage-roses drawn with every attention to naturalistic detail, complete with shading and high relief, often linked with festoons of ribbons or sometimes with heavy, bulbous, debased rococo scrolls, all done in the richest and most bilious colours—mostly bottle-greens and maroons. By 1860—that is, before Morris began—these have largely disappeared, at least as far as the better-class products are concerned, and have been

replaced by their exact opposite: geometric or highly conventionalised patterns, usually with fairly small repeats, printed in light, bright colours (often just the primary colours together with white and gold), and avoiding any illusion of relief or depth. This startling change was undoubtedly due to the writings of Pugin and of Owen Jones (in fact, many of the best wallpapers were actually designed by them). Both had insisted on two guiding rules of good design: first, that all flat patterns—that is primarily wallpapers and carpets—should deliberately go out of their way to look flat, and secondly, that they should avoid any realistic representation of natural objects, such as flowers or fruit or animals.

To me this real revolution in design between 1850 and 1860 is especially interesting, for it is completely ignored by all books on Victorian taste. But even more interesting is the fact that, when Morris started designing, so far from continuing and reinforcing this revolutionary movement, he actually reacted against it, and, to some extent, turned the wheel backwards.

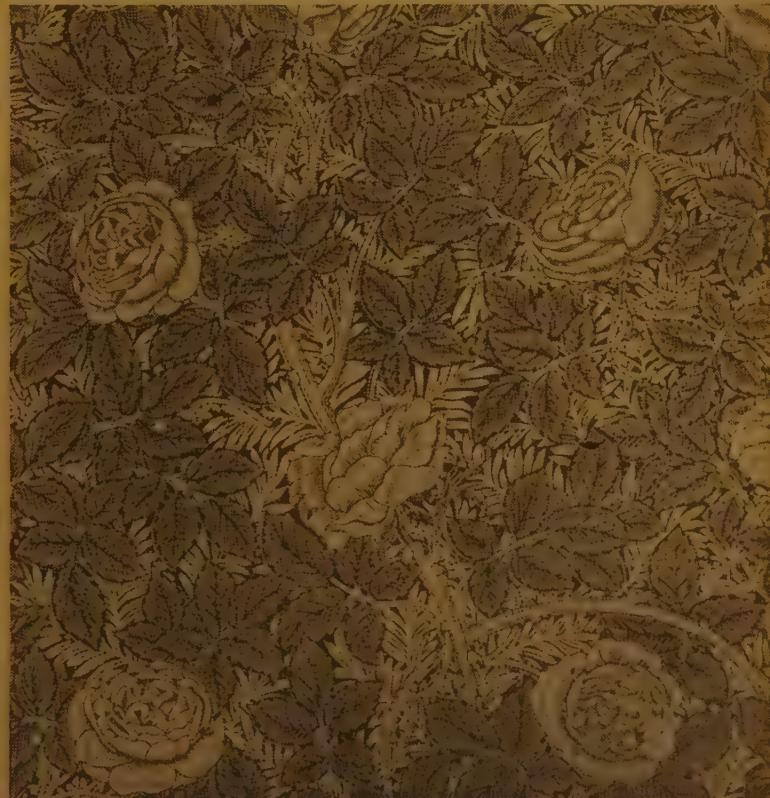
Morris' career started in 1861, when, together with Rossetti, Ford Madox Brown, and others, he founded his celebrated firm of decorators. They made their first appearance at the Great Exhibition of 1862, the rather tame sequel to the more famous exhibition of 1851. Both the standard works on Morris, published immediately after his death, simply quote the vague and uninformative details about the firm's exhibits that are to be found in the official catalogue of that exhibition, and every subsequent writer has followed them in implying that nothing more



A typical mid-Victorian chintz (1851)



Wallpaper designed by Owen Jones (1862)



'Rose' wallpaper designed by William Morris (1876)

Photographs: Victoria and Albert Museum

can now be discovered about them. However, plenty of detailed descriptions of them can be found in the contemporary newspaper comments on the exhibition, though unfortunately there are no surviving illustrations. These descriptions show that there was nothing particularly revolutionary or *avant-garde* about the firm's display. With the exception of the stained glass, it was shown as part of the so-called Medieval Court arranged by the Ecclesiastical Society. As the name implies, everything in this court, whether secular or ecclesiastical, was supposed to be in the Gothic taste. It is clear from the newspaper descriptions that most of it, including the Morris items, depended for its appeal on its narrative interest (which is something that Owen Jones would certainly have deplored). For example, one of their most popular exhibits was a gilded bookcase enriched with painted panels representing seven stages in the life of an English family between 1815 and 1860. This has unfortunately not survived, but the descriptions make it clear that it can hardly be regarded as a contribution to any movement of reform against Victorian philistinism.

Retrogression towards Victorian Naturalism

Perhaps it is unfair to judge Morris by the exhibits at the 1862 exhibition, for most of them were actually the work of others (for instance, the bookcase was designed by Ford Madox Brown). Let us, then, judge him by his own wonderful series of wallpapers, chintzes, silks, carpets, and so on, which he started designing immediately after the exhibition, and on which his reputation was built. The first point that strikes one immediately is that Morris, in all his designs, openly flouts Owen Jones' rule about avoiding natural representations on walls or floors. Every single one of Morris' 300 designs—no, there is one unimportant exception—is directly floral in inspiration, and about twenty of them incorporate animals or birds as well. It is true that in none does Morris imitate the extreme realistic naturalism of the typical mid-Victorian design; but in most of them the flowers are sufficiently faithfully portrayed to be immediately recognisable as carnations, lilies, poppies, fritillaries, or what not, in a way that is an open retrogression towards Victorian naturalism and away from the geometric conventionalisations of the reformers.

Precisely the same is true if we see how Morris' designs conform to the rule about flat pattern having to look flat. Admittedly Morris never attempts to create a real illusion of three-dimensional depth or recession, but on the other hand his patterns are certainly not flat in the Owen Jones sense. Jones' wallpaper patterns, for example, are completely flat. The forms are cut out like silhouettes, and the intricate interlacings in his complicated geometrical designs look no thicker than if they were made of strips of coloured paper criss-crossing over each other—in fact, they are as flat as the Moorish arabesque fretwork patterns from which he obtained his original inspiration. Morris' designs, however, have a definite apparent depth, usually about half-an-inch, just enough to give room for that complex intertwining of stems that he loved—and the stems are real rounded stems, not just flat ribbons—and for that curl-over of a petal or leaf that makes all Morris' designs look as if they have grown rather than been worked out on a drawing-board. So here again we see Morris turning back from Owen Jones' ruthless logic in the direction of something more traditional.

The same is true with colour. You can easily envisage Owen Jones' colour-schemes if you remember the red and blue criss-cross design that he did for a well-known biscuit firm, and which they were still using up to twenty years ago on those oblong-shaped tins that people often used for keeping odds and ends in. Morris' colours were entirely different; he certainly used bright colours, but the general effect was almost always rich and dark and glowing, in fact far more like the traditional mid-Victorian domestic colour-scheme.

You may think that in my effort to bolster up this unorthodox thesis about Morris standing for a traditionalist approach by comparison with his reforming precursors, I am giving too much importance to this Owen Jones movement. I do not really think this is so, but in case it is, let me for a moment compare Morris' designs not with Jones' efforts in the eighteen-fifties and 'sixties, but with the *avant-garde* designers of the eighteen-seventies who were Morris' exact contemporaries. Without going into detail, we can say that all of them—the principal ones were Edward Godwin, Bruce Talbert, and Christopher Dresser—were far closer in spirit to Jones than to Morris. The best evidence of this is the way in which they were all greatly influenced by the fashionable enthusiasm for Japanese decorative art—in fact they led the fashion—with its emphasis on the conventionalisation of natural

forms for decorative ends. Morris, on the other hand, was openly contemptuous of Japanese art, and only one out of all his designs shows any Japanese influence. Again, then, we see him taking the more orthodox and traditionalist view, while it is others who move ahead along what must have seemed a more adventurous and revolutionary path.

The picture I have drawn of Morris' position in the mid-Victorian scene is different from that normally given. What is the explanation? I believe that it is the result of that process of telescoping Victorian events which I mentioned at the beginning. Everyone now knows that Morris was a revolutionary socialist. In fact his standpoint was far closer to a straightforward marxist communist position than that of any other Victorian, and because he was a man of great energy and consistency, he threw himself heart and soul into his political activity and developed its social and artistic implications in a great number of brilliant lectures and writings. We therefore regard him as a revolutionary and assume that his designs were revolutionary. But the clients and admirers whose support built up his reputation as a designer made no such assumption. It was not till 1877 that he began even to be interested in politics, and not till well after 1880 that he became clearly identified as a reformer and revolutionary. And yet his reputation as a designer was well established ten years earlier, that is by the middle eighteen-seventies. To the middle-class housewives who bought his wallpapers and carpets at that time, and to the rich patrons who called him in to decorate their houses, he was Mr. Morris, the well-known poet, who also designed such beautiful furnishings. Nothing could have been more respectable.

Let me quote two odd items of information that support this reading of the situation. First, the earliest published reference to Morris' patterns that I have been able to unearth dates from 1872. It does not come, as one might expect, from a serious article calling for a reform of public taste (and yet many such articles were being written then), but from a third-rate, sentimental novel called *Maud Mohan* by a certain Annie Hall Thomas. In a most mawkish and gushing passage, she tells her women readers that they can buy lovely wallpapers, produced by a real poet, which are so beautiful they are 'pictures in themselves'. Not exactly the higher criticism, but surely significant of Morris' impact at that time. Secondly, how else can we explain the otherwise incomprehensible fact that it was Morris who was called in in 1866 to decorate several rooms for Queen Victoria at St. James's Palace, including the armoury (a strange irony in view of his later opinions).

Great Classical Designer

My view, then, is that if we judge by his designs rather than his writings, Morris must be regarded not as a revolutionary pioneer and innovator, but rather as the great classical designer of his age: as the man who, while others searched for more novel and unorthodox solutions to the problems of design, could exert his influence through the sheer beauty and mastery of his patterns. Surely it is just this classical quality that gives Morris' best designs their astonishing timelessness, and makes it possible to use them today without any effect of archaism.

One final point. What I have said about Morris' early designs applies equally to his later ones. He went on designing with unabated energy right up to his death. Many writers have written about the way his designs developed, mentioning greater elaboration in his middle period, and so on. Having now looked at all of them and arranged ninety per cent. of them in an exact chronological sequence, I can positively state that no such development can be traced; and, moreover, that most of the theories so far propounded are based on misdatings. Morris certainly tended to design in batches, and several designs all done in the same month usually have a close family likeness, but the sequence of the batches follows no pattern and a style adopted in the eighteen-seventies may well be found recurring in the eighteen-nineties.

It follows from this that if my estimate of the early designs is correct, it applies equally to the later ones, and consequently that there must be some peculiar contradictions between the writings and the designs which Morris was producing simultaneously during his later years. It is these contradictions that I want to look into in my second talk, for I believe they will throw some new light on the rather controversial question of Morris' relation to the Arts and Crafts movement and particularly on his attitude to handicrafts and machine-production.—*Third Programme*

The Poetry of Chinese Mirrors

By ARTHUR WALEY

MIRRORS, made of polished metal, not of glass, have played an immense part in Chinese literature and in Chinese popular belief. Here are some poems, stories, and inscriptions in which those beliefs are referred to. I will begin with a poem by Po Chu-i, who lived in the ninth century:

My fair one when she parted from me
Left with me her mirror, lying in its box,
Which, now that her face is seen in it no more,
Is an autumn lake where no lotus grows.
After more than a year, today I opened the box;
A pink dust lay on the green bronze.
And now when I flick it and rub the dust away
All that I see is my own withered face.
I turn it over and am sadder than before;
On the back are carved two twining dragons.

The lady who gave Po Chu-i this mirror was probably a concubine whom he was obliged by the rites of mourning to dismiss when his mother died in A.D. 811.

On the back of a mirror dating from about the first century A.D. is the inscription:

You have your journey; I, my sadness:
The day of your going is fixed, but not the time of your return.
Please be sure to have good meals:
Take great pains about this.
I look up to Heaven and sighing deeply I say:
'Oh may he think tenderly of me forever'.

Sometimes a wife would send a mirror to an absent husband. There is an old song which says:

I meant by this messenger to send to you my news;
But all is blank—I cannot command my thoughts;
So I send instead this mirror bright as the moon,
Which truly reflects the image of my heart.

There was a belief that if a wife carried into the street at night the mirror that she had worn to protect her against evil influences at the time of her marriage, stray words of passers-by in the dark street would give her news of him. But on her way out she must worship the Stove-god in the kitchen, and no one must see her leave the house. The Stove-god is lord of human destinies. 'Sighing softly', says a poem of the ninth century, she goes down the steps from the hall:

All alone in front of the stove she kneels and makes her bow;
Then goes into the street hoping she will hear no sound of sadness
or weeping.
'If only he is alive what does it matter if he comes back now or later?'
Along the bright moonlit street no one any longer passes.
She has heard good words, again and again
Voices spoke of 'Coming'.
She rolls up the curtain and climbs into bed but is too excited to sleep.
She cuts out a dress to give him when he comes, but cuts it all awry.
'Will he be in time for us to pass together the three days' holiday?'
With its double-stitch brocade bag she wipes the face of the mirror.

The favourite, though not the only, time for mirror-divination was the last day of the year. The first three days of the year were kept as a holiday, all shops and offices being closed, and in this song the mention of the three days' holiday shows that this was a New Year divination. In later times the holiday was extended to five days.

In another poem of the same date a lady says to her mirror:

Slip of bronze, slip of bronze, if you have any magic
Let me see in you the image of my man that is a thousand miles away.

There is a story dating from early in the seventh century, called *The Old Mirror*, it is in effect a catalogue of the magic powers attributed to mirrors by the Chinese. This mirror, since it reflected only reality, could show in their true form evil spirits that had assumed human shape. It had a special affinity with the sun and moon, and always grew dim during eclipses. It could rob a magic sword, that shone in the darkness, of its magic; arrogate to itself all the sword's

brightness, and fill a whole room with light. If smeared with 'metal-grease', rubbed with powdered pearl, and exposed to the sun, it could reflect things on the other side of a thick wall. If rubbed 'with a certain herb very hard to get', it could be used by doctors to see what was going on inside their patients. It could still storms and arrest the onward rush of a tidal wave.

What was meant by 'metal-grease'? We do not know; but it is certain that the invention of metal mirrors consisted largely in the discovery of how to polish bronze; as also, of course, in the discovery that mirrors needed a high proportion of tin in the bronze. The Chinese were technically able to cast pieces of metal with a flat surface at least as early as the fourteenth century B.C. But the earliest metal mirrors seem to date from some 900 years later. It was at that time presumably, in about the fifth century B.C. or somewhat earlier, that a suitable polishing agent was discovered. In early times it was called 'the mysterious tin'; it was a powder, and is usually taken to be oxide of mercury. The medieval Japanese used a substance with many ingredients—quicksilver, grindstone powder, burnt alum, and a decoction of smoked, unripe plums. To the boy who went round from house to house polishing people's mirrors some of the same mystery attached as to the chimney sweep in European popular belief.

The practical use of mirrors as an assistance in dressing the hair, powdering the face, and so on, is occasionally mentioned in early mirror-inscriptions. But usually such inscriptions deal with the mirror's magic uses, as a talisman for ensuring numerous posterity, a successful career, and peace and happiness in the land.

Contrast with Classical Usage

All this is in great contrast with the attitude towards mirrors in classical times in the west. Greek and Etruscan mirrors are decorated with mythological themes that are usually quite unconnected with the mirror as such, and in classical literature there are hardly any allusions to the mirror except as an adjunct to women's toilet. In this respect there is another contrast to the Chinese world, where men wore elaborate head-gears that often needed tidying and straightening. In the story of the old mirror quoted above, the hero, we are told, 'wanting to tidy his costume, took out his mirror and found to his surprise that its face had suddenly grown dull'. It was, I think, the requirements of men's toilet rather than those of women's that led to the use in China of polished metal mirrors. The earliest form of mirror in China was, it is generally agreed, a bowl of water, and a woman could very well powder her face with the aid of a bowl of water set upon a high stand. But a man needed a very small flat saucer of water that he could hold with one hand while he straightened his head-dress with the other. If he had stooped over a bowl, as ladies did, his head-dress would have gone askew again when he raised his head. These flat, small, metal saucers I imagine to have been the predecessors on the one hand of burning mirrors, used with tinder to obtain fire, and on the other of small, portable, toilet mirrors. A writer of the third century tells us that in his day the nomads to the west of China still used what he calls 'belt-pouch' mirrors and I imagine these to have been a survival of the kind of small water-mirror that was transitional between the large bowl-mirror and the polished, metal mirror.

It is well known that mirrors are part of the equipment of shamans in Mongolia and Siberia—the shamans, as you know, are intermediaries between man and the gods—and these mirrors are generally imported from China. Indeed, Chinese mirrors of the first century B.C. have been found in tombs as far away as western Siberia. Probably some of the early Chinese mirrors in our collections were used by Chinese shamans. We possess some early Chinese shaman songs in which the shaman is thought of as having a kind of love affair with the deity on the day of the festival, only to be left love-lorn when the ritual is over. It is with this situation that a famous inscription, repeated (often in mutilated forms) on a score of extant mirrors, must surely deal.

The shaman (according to my interpretation) says of the mirror, and addressing the deity:

Into it I put pure substances to reflect your brightness;
Their light is like the radiance of sun and moon,
That your heart might scorn dalliance and be forever true.
But it was not possible to keep them from flowing away.
I purified my soul to serve you;
But alas, idle pleasures have dimmed your light.
And as the mirror-polish spills its sheen
So you become estranged and day by day forget me.
I brood on the thought of my loved one in his perfect grace
Elsewhere receiving pleasures that make him gay.
I yearn for the god-like shadow of my fair one;
Would that he might love me forever without break!

Here we get the equation of the mirror with the sun and moon (often invoked as witnesses of love-vows) and with the heart (as in the story I shall presently quote); and, again, the dwindling of love compared to the oozing away of the quicksilver sheen on the polished face of the mirror.

I have purposely left out, in this short survey of mirror-poetry and mirror-lore, one or two stories that have been quoted again and again in European studies of Chinese mirrors; as also all discussion of mirror beliefs in Japan, where most of the Chinese beliefs crop up again, alongside of a much more solemn cult of the mirror as the symbol of the Sun-goddess. I have left out, too, the symbolism of the mirror in Buddhist sayings and rites. But I must not leave out the strangest of all mirror stories:

A pedlar once offered to Wang Tsung-shou, a high tenth-century official who was also a student of Taoist mysteries, an iron mirror, assuring him that it had great magic powers. It had a dull, rusty surface in which nothing could be seen at all, and he was not much inclined to buy it. But the price was very low, and he eventually bought the mirror and began trying to polish it. He scrubbed and scrubbed, but still it remained sooty and lustreless. He put it away in a box and for a long while thought no more about it. Suddenly one day a light gleamed from the box. He opened it, and looking in the mirror saw the image of a boy, dressed in blue, sitting alone in the market-hall. Wang sent his servant to the market, and in a little while the man came back bringing with him the boy whose image had appeared in the mirror.

'That mirror is mine', the boy said. 'I lost it long ago. You might as well hand it over to me; for if you do not, in any case it will fly away and cease to be yours'.

So saying, he took the mirror, slit open his body with a knife, put the mirror into his breast, and ran away.

'There are poems', says a Chinese critic, 'that cannot be understood, yet are understood. The meaning is as intangible as a flower seen in a mirror or the moon reflected in the sea'. The story of Wang's mirror is like such poems. One feels its meaning, but to dissect the story would be to spoil it. This much one can say, that the mirror here is not only a symbol of love, as we have seen already, but also a kind of magic heart.—*Third Programme*

A Matter of Communication

By ADAM CURLE

MY aim is to show that the problems and difficulties which beset our personal life are not unlike those which have to be faced in the dealings of one nation with another. One cannot, of course, draw an exact parallel between the experiences of a personal relationship and the relationship between nations; but provided one remembers that a nation is a collection of individual human persons, and not just a sort of inanimate bloc, some of the lessons we learn from our individual commerce with each other may help us to keep a true balance in the wider spheres.

We know that it is all too easy for one Englishman—or Irishman, Scot, or Welshman—to get off the wavelength of another member of his own race, despite the similarity of language, convention, custom, and shared historical heritage. Indeed, it is only too easy to go completely off the rails with one's nearest and dearest, with a consequent complete breakdown of communications and understanding. Our temporary, and trivial, grievances can so mislead us, that it is only with the greatest effort that we can persuade ourselves to see the other person's point of view. So it is much harder to avoid the same sort of disturbance between individual people of different nationality, and not to fall into the temptation of sneering at some habit or custom which we do not understand, and which we therefore feel we have the right to disparage.

I found this out when, as a very young man, I spent some time living with a family of Lapps in the Arctic. They were kindly and hospitable people, but I found myself getting increasingly exasperated by almost everything they did. Here is an example of the sort of thing which got on my nerves. 'Tomorrow', they once said, 'we will start off across the mountains to join up with another family'. This meant a two-day trek and I made my arrangements accordingly; but on the next morning they decided to go fishing instead. The following day we were once more scheduled to go but people hung about so long, doing nothing in particular, that in the end it was not worth-while making a move. On the third day we actually set off, though rather late, but after going a few miles decided that a storm was likely to blow up and that we had better camp. So we camped, and as it happened the storm never came. And, finally, the Lapps said there was no point in going on and that we might as well be comfortable, so we went back to the place we had started from.

To me this lackadaisical uncertainty was almost intolerable. It seemed practically criminal that these people should have no sense of urgency, no schedules, no apparent organisation; and the fact that they were

able to manage perfectly well without timetables merely made things worse. Of course, they treated life realistically and did what was necessary when it was necessary, without expending worry or making themselves uncomfortable when it was not. I understood this intellectually, but being the product of a civilisation which sets considerable store by having every hour of the day worked out, I felt strangely out of gear. Eventually I awoke one morning feeling at home and able to accept the fact that their way of life, though different from mine, was absolutely right for them and that the difference had no effect on the things which really mattered.

Some years after, I had a further experience which shook me very considerably. This time it was not so much a matter of being upset by irritating habits as of meeting a fundamental contrast to what I had hitherto considered as a basic part of the moral outlook of human nature in general. While doing research in Africa I was captured by a man who, as it happened, made a profession of murder. He would waylay travellers, keeping them happy with food and coffee and gossip till dusk, when he would knife and rob them. I was rescued by a group of the tribesmen with whom I was staying, in what was presumably—for it was getting dark—the nick of time. But the point of this story is not what happened to me, but the attitude of my rescuers to the murderer—who had the perhaps inappropriate name of Sissy. They immediately set about him—not for his trade which was accepted as legitimate, but for not taking care to choose his clients properly. They were not interested in my fate as a person, but in the loss of face they would have suffered had someone under their protection been done away with.

Sissy's reply amused me. 'I am extremely sorry', he said with dignity. 'Naturally, had I realised who he was, I would never have dreamed of plying my trade upon this man. But as things are, I had no idea where he came from. In fact, he really practised a mischievous deceit on me, and I would suggest that he is far more to blame than myself. However, I am ready to forget the whole unfortunate incident and would like you all to take some refreshment with me'.

After that we went home without ill-feeling—although we refused the refreshment. What mattered here was the maintenance of the social proprieties, for once these are abandoned everyone is in jeopardy. My companions were not in the least callous. Their human affections were just as warm as those of any other group of people, but their values were weighted differently. Death might bring deep sadness, but it was inevitable, and murder only precipitated the death which

comes to us all. What was a more serious matter to them was the upsetting of the social order in a small and isolated community. That would have brought confusion and shame and the fortunes of all would have been concerned. (This indeed, as I have been told, was the basis of an Anglo-Saxon attitude to murder as a tort or malfeasance—if I have my legal terms correct—rather than a criminal offence.)

Murder was assessed on much the same level among certain Eskimo groups, as well. The only reparation they required for a murder—at least till fairly recently—was that the murderer should marry the woman he had caused to be a widow. Here, again, death was inevitable but an unsupported woman was a social evil. The Eskimo scheme, in fact, was a kind of widow's pension. Naturally, I am not suggesting that we should condone customs and habits which we believe to be morally wrong and against the laws of God, but we can at least try to understand the conditions in which they have arisen, and to realise that the people who practise them are not necessarily sub-human.

Underlying Humanity

I remember that when I first visited the Middle East someone told me that one went through three stages in one's attitude to the Arabs. To start with they seemed romantic and mysterious, then dirty and dishonest, and finally they seemed just like ourselves. And this is what happens when one actually gets to know people. In the end one communicates with their underlying humanity.

But what if we never meet the Arab or the Indian, the Japanese, the Russian, or the Bantu? Can we even say that we know the French and the Belgians just across the Channel? Almost the first thing a child learns about the French is that they eat snails, and this gastronomic eccentricity seems symbolic of the whole difference between us and them. In addition, it may be very hard for an Englishman, who as a schoolboy thought of the French as 'frogs', to make a new start even when he goes to France.

We are constantly being told that if the world is to survive it can do so only as one world. But in a certain sense—the wrong sense—it already is. We are deeply affected by the repercussion of obscure events in distant lands, more so than ever before in human history. Communication in the technical sense has brought this about, in the shape of rapid travel, wireless, speedy postal services. But for this very reason the other type of communication, the type leading to human understanding, becomes even more important. If two people are inclined to quarrel, it is better for them to keep apart than to come together. But whether we like it or not, we are now together, so we have got to understand each other as human beings.

This may seem so much idealistic talk. What can we, as individuals, actually do? We know, of course, about the brotherhood of man, but what difference can it make when it seems that our destiny is controlled by larger forces, by vast economic, political, and ideological issues which mean little to us as individuals? To my mind it matters for two extremely important reasons. In the first place, we lose an enormous amount by our failure to understand something of how other people live and think and feel: if we do not shut our eyes, we can be greatly enriched by their art and literature, and even by their cooking. But over and beyond this, we lose something of human value, much as we do when we fail to follow up a friendship.

I am not suggesting that we have more to learn than to teach. The business is mutual. For example, the stability of English society is the envy of many nations, but without stimulus from outside we might become set in our ways and stodgy. We owe a great part of our achievements to the skill with which we have adapted lessons learned from people beyond our own shores to fit in with our own national genius.

There is another and more urgent need for us to have some sympathy with other peoples. Our fate is to a large extent governed by considerations which are remote from the day-to-day needs and experience of men and women. Our rulers have to be concerned with enormous issues of economic and strategical importance. That, after all, is their job, but underlying these things are the countless human beings who will be affected by them. I believe that it is our job, as ordinary men and women, to keep in the forefront of our minds that the only valid purpose behind all this manoeuvring is that other men and women, or even perhaps ourselves, shall live in peace, valuing wisdom more than folly, and virtue more than evil. If we can realise this, if we can avoid being stampeded into hatred or derision, we shall be doing something of real worth. We live, after all, in a democratic

society, and have therefore some part in its government and in its relationship with other nations.

But how, without knowledge of these other peoples, can we resist the powerful and persuasive influences which bid us to despise or condemn the actions and beliefs of strangers? In the first place, we can hold before our eyes the idea that we, no less than the Arabs and the Lapps, live under the terms of our own society. Underneath what appear to us to be extraordinary extravagances of behaviour are the same desires and fears. All societies have tried to find a means of solving the basic and universal human problems—problems such as the control of violence, the protection of the individual and the family, the encouragement of creation and initiative, and the regulation of sex. They have all been successful and unsuccessful according to the particular circumstances of their history and geographical environment.

We will understand this more readily if we think of our own past, and from the successes and failures of our own people we can develop the humility and the appreciation to value the lives of very different peoples under very different conditions, and to comprehend the deep humanity which links us all. The attitudes of mind which we absorb through our own society are not fundamental to us, but are merely superimposed on the humanity we hold in common. The heritage of man is love and hatred, fear, joy and grief, the urge to create and to serve one another, the struggle and dread of living and dying. We find these things everywhere, though at first we may not recognise them in their alien garb.—*Home Service*

The ninth annual report of the Arts Council of Great Britain 1953-1954 has now been published, price 2s. 6d. It has been given the title of *Public Responsibility for the Arts*, which is the subject of an impressive foreword to the report. The argument put forward is that while the best opera, ballet, and orchestral concerts take large sums of money at the box office, these arts are now so costly that it would be impossible for them to pay their way without subsidies of the kind which, in the past, were provided by royal courts and wealthy benefactors; and while some local authorities assist in the provision of arts of this kind, not all of them do so, or do so on a generous scale. This report deserves to be read by all who are interested in maintaining a high standard of artistic achievement in this country.

Song at the Beginning of Autumn

Now watch this autumn that arrives
In smells. All looks like summer still;
Colours are quite unchanged, the air
On green and white serenely thrives.
Heavy the trees with growth and full
The fields. Flowers flourish everywhere.

Proust who collected time within
A child's cake would understand
The ambiguity of this—
Summer still raging while a thin
Column of smoke stirs from the land
Proving that autumn gropes for us.

But every season is a kind
Of rich nostalgia. We give names—
Autumn and summer, winter, spring—
As though to unfasten from the mind
Our moods and give them outward forms.
We want the certain, solid thing.

But I am carried back against
My will into a childhood where
Autumn is bonfires, marbles, smoke;
I lean against my window, fenced
From evocations in the air.
When I said autumn, autumn broke.

ELIZABETH JENNINGS

Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles or talks printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

The Strange Face of Evil

Sir.—In your editorial comment on this talk (THE LISTENER, September 30) you call people 'immoralists' because like Keynes they were 'prepared in judging individual conduct to decide each case on its merits or not to judge at all'. But not only is it not 'immoralist' to judge each case on its merits: the Christian Gospels themselves enjoin us not to judge at all. Neither you nor Mr. Watkins can ever have met or heard of a Christian humanist: yet such people exist, and can even perhaps claim to follow their master in their humanism.

Mr. Watkins' attempt to suggest that the horrors of the concentration camps and the crimes of their organisers are to be explained in terms of original sin or Freudian ambivalence—the principle is the same—is analogous to an attempt to explain a particular typhoon in terms of 'weather', or a disastrous road accident in terms of 'traffic'. There are quite specific political and economic explanations available for the fact that the victors of 1918 allowed conditions to develop in which the Nazis could seize power in Germany and fascism could flourish also in Italy and Japan. From 1933 onwards it was no secret that the organisation of extreme cruelty was an essential method of fascism and that total war was its goal.

Readers of *The Manchester Guardian*, incidentally, then, at any rate, a humanist newspaper, did not have to wait for the Nuremberg Trial to recognise the sadistic character of nazism. It was the 'kindly' upholders of 'traditions, historic institutions, and settled ways of living' who refused until too late to recognise fascism for what it was. Incidentally, these traditionalists persistently obstructed any effective collective security organisation for the containment of nazism, and it is the same kindly upholders of historic institutions who now plead for leniency to war criminals and welcome back the Nazi generals to command a new German army.

I suspect that Mr. Watkins' acquaintance with humanists who are old enough to have watched the birth and growth of fascism is very limited. I have known many humanists of that generation both personally and through their writings, but not one humanist who was at all surprised at Belsen or Nuremberg or intellectually bewildered by their horrors.

Yours, etc.,

Birmingham

D. J. McCracken

Sir.—Your editorial, if I may say so with due respect, is fair neither to Christians nor to humanists. As the article proceeds, indeed, it becomes clear that what you have in mind is not any difference between Christians and humanists but between those who hope and those who despair. The deep note of pessimism on which you end aligns you with Augustine. Your point that the thinking man today has no choice, life being what it is ('life is short, civilisation a veneer, and human beings incorrigibly evil'), except to retreat into a kind of intellectual Thebaid, is not of course a new one: whenever things have gone badly in the past, men have resorted to it. But not all Christians do so. The 'early socialists' you refer to may have expected too much too soon, though a good deal has been accomplished since their time. Anyway, among socialists, then and now, many

have been Christians. Some go as far as to claim that socialism is applied Christianity.

From the humanist side, we say man can progress. There is some difference between, say, the Stone Age and the Age of Pericles. When you state the discovery of chromosomes has 'made it harder to believe that man's evil disposition can be surmounted by education and environment', you are harnessing science to a doubtful dogma, a half-truth at best. For if there is original sin, so is there original goodness in man. Most of us are a mixture of both. Very few are all saint, or all sinner. Nor have we to invent any fable about the Fall to account for the fact. It is sufficient to remember that we are descended from the tiger and the ape. To be able to survive at all, however, men have to learn to live together—which is the essence of morals if not of religion also. Do chromosomes (to which you attach such importance) behave differently when a man believes in Christ? If 'all the evils', as you point out, have not been overcome, some at least have. Most humanists are meliorists: we leave the All and the Absolute to totalitarians, whether religious or lay.

The plea sometimes put up by Christian apologists that such progress as we have made is due—in Europe at any rate—to the influence of Christianity may be true. The Christian religion may have been a necessary stage in the evolution of a social conscience and Europeans 'conditioned' by various means, good and bad, to think Christianly if they do not always behave like Christians. But that is not to say we have to drag after us for all time the crude machinery by means of which we have got here. Humanists do not want to throw away the baby with the bath water, but why keep the bath water?

Yours, etc.,

Edgware

A. D. COHEN

The Germans and Their History

Sir.—The publication in THE LISTENER of September 9 of a talk which I gave on the Third Programme has aroused so much comment that I should like to answer some of the criticisms.

Mr. Gillespie, for instance, was upset by my 'digging up the recent past', and suggested that doing this might further imperil Dr. Adenauer's 'shaky' Government. This, certainly, was not my purpose. My belief is that governments like Dr. Adenauer's will be strengthened in the long run when the German people sort out some of the lessons of past history in their own minds. They will then be in a far better position to understand what their government is doing, and why it is doing it. It would not, for instance, be possible for respectable members of parliament to oppose the payment of reparations to Israel. It would not be so easy for a man like the Speaker of the Lower House of the Federal Parliament, Dr. Ehlers, to tell an audience that it was up to the Western Powers to 'offer compensation to the Soviet Union in the Far East', so that Germany might be reunified. It would not be possible for the Landmannschaften that represent the lost provinces east of the Oder-Neisse line to hold endless meetings in order to declaim against the injustices done to Germany by the occupying powers. The worst of these injustices, they claim, is the division of Germany. Yet that division was one of the results of the war—Hitler's war, although very few Germans would call it that.

As to the virtues of Frederick the Great and Marshal Blücher, I should be the last to deny that Prussia has fought side by side with England in the past. But what past? The past which I find Germans resolutely determined not to learn about is the recent past. Advisedly I do not say 'the Germans', as Mr. Hertz evidently thinks is my habit. Of course there are some who want to hear the truth of what happened in their own country. My impression, after talking to a great many Germans, is that this is a small minority. The tendency to dismiss the violation of Belgian neutrality in 1914 as a 'tactical mistake' and the policies of the Nazis as well meant but sometimes misdirected is terribly strong.

The popular German approach to German history is not, I am afraid, the reasoned and logical business of a few historians like those mentioned by Mr. Hertz. How the German can often twist historical events to suit his mood was well illustrated in the years since 1945 by his approach to the subject of the German defeat. For a time, for a very short time, Germans talked about 'Der Niederlage'—'defeat'. Then this word was changed for 'Der Zusammenbruch'—'the collapse', fortuitous as it sounds. This in turn became 'Die Überrollung'—the 'rolling over and grinding down'. Out of such apparently harmless play with words will, maybe, spring a new myth of the German people under Hitler as the outpost of western culture, stemming the Red Flood, installing a fine 'New Order' in Europe. Epics of military daring will shine out like stars in the outer darkness of the Nazi era. They will be remembered: it may not be.—Yours, etc.,

Düsseldorf

TERENCE PRITTIE

Sir.—Mr. Laurence Kelly (THE LISTENER, September 30) quite naturally disagrees with my view that German youth should be encouraged to grow up in an atmosphere uncharged with bitterness against the continuous reiteration of past crimes by foreign authors. He makes his attitude to discussion perfectly clear when he contends that Germany should be treated differently from any other nation historically. Such unscholarly principles have been applied by Mr. Kelly in misquoting and deriving non-existent implications from my letter (THE LISTENER, September 16), which was intended as a plea for a liberal and impartial attitude in the teaching and study of history. I must first point out that I did not 'argue that Germany's recent past should be forgotten'; I merely indicated the reaction of a section of German opinion on the question of crimes against humanity. I am still convinced that the Germans are the best people to educate German youth in this matter and Mr. Hertz (THE LISTENER, September 23) has shown that in Germany today a real effort is being made towards an unbiased teaching of history, recent and past.

Mr. Kelly has studiously avoided the point I wished to make by my reference to Frederick the Great as our gallant ally during the Seven Years War, namely that deriving all present political situations from past historical occurrences is quite unscientific. Frederick was indeed a land-grabbing treaty-breaker, but our ancestors thought otherwise; in fact they struck a medal in his honour in 1757: 'Frederick King of Prussia: Protestant Defender'. Only to a priori historians is Frederick the precursor of

Hitler. History should be based on all available facts and not consist of judgements derived from selected facts after the event. I did not mean that 'to be on the English side implies justice *per se*', but that the small mention given in some school text books to this dubious but very helpful ally does. Sitting in judgement on Prussia in the light of nazism and the recent past is, to say the least, odd, considering that Great Britain (of course out of self-interest) actively aided its rise to power. The 'national character' of the Germans as understood by Mr. Kelly had not been spotted then; our interests have diverged since 1870 and so the 'philosophers of history' have had to reconsider 'history' in a new light.

In his last paragraph Mr. Kelly fathers me with a statement I did not make, namely that 'National Socialism had nothing to do with Prussia'. What of course is true is that eighteenth- and nineteenth-century Prussia had nothing to do with National Socialism except to *a priori* historians. The implication I did make, so selectively avoided by Mr. Kelly, was that the nazi form of nationalism contained new and powerful elements from south Germany and Austria. Hitler certainly learnt his anti-semitism from the mayor of Vienna before 1914, when Jews were well received and even ennobled in Wilhelm II's Germany. The fact that certain Prussian writers advocated anti-semitism in the nineteenth century proves nothing; it would be possible to find similar anti-semitic writings in other countries during the nineteenth century, including those of Barrès (not Barrés) whose platitude Mr. Kelly quotes. In fact Hitler used certain Tsarist Russian forgeries regarding a 'Jewish world plot'. I cannot find any record of official anti-semitism in Frederick's or the later Prussia. The early Hohenzollerns were notably tolerant in racial and religious matters for reasons of state.

If Mr. Kelly had read my letter with less rancour he would have found that I nowhere imply that anti-semitism is purely German, but that in fact I advocated that such outbursts be regarded as a European ill. Of course Hitler harnessed the initially unwilling Prussian officer caste and civil service to his chariot, but that does not make Prussia directly responsible for the thug rule of Hitlerism; it only makes Prussia an accessory after the fact. The occupying powers, it should be remembered, by various enactments have completed the abolition of the State of Prussia already begun by Hitler; this discussion therefore would seem to be highly academic.

References to the philosophy behind nazism are of great interest, but nationalist outbursts are not caused by philosophy; the leaders use opportunities given them by national discontent and economic distress to apply their theories. The German man-in-the-street of the late nineteen-twenties and early 'thirties did not walk about with Fichte's *Reden an die deutsche Nation* in his pocket, though he may have heard of them at school. Totalitarian demagogic appeals with its spurious promises ultimately to the demand for bread, work, and security; Hans Fallada's *Kleiner Mann, was nun?* might be worth Mr. Kelly's restudy, if he really wishes to gain a realistic view of how mass movements are generated. Few Germans have ever read Hitler's *Mein Kampf* to the end, which is perhaps a pity. It was not Hitler's mumbo-jumbo of mythology and history, so perfectly repeated by Mr. Kelly, that won over the German voter, but his ability to identify himself in his speeches with the petty hatreds and fears of the small man.

I must therefore repeat, 'Prussia was not responsible for Hitler and nazism'. Hitler was accepted by the whole German nation of which Prussia was a part. The appropriate inaugura-

tion of the Third Reich in the Garnisonkirche at Potsdam in 1933 indicated that Prussia was forced to abandon its proud if unlovable principles under popular pressure.

Yours, etc.,
Tunbridge Wells G. T. GILLESPIE

The Right of Political Asylum

Sir,—Mr. Wade's talk on political asylum misses two important points.

First, the criteria of asylum should be the same, whatever the country the applicant comes from. Our view of that country's political system as a whole should be irrelevant. Thus in the later nineteenth century Englishmen doubtless thought France a 'freer' country than Tsarist Russia; but this did not stop us from admitting such Frenchmen as ran risks at home because of their political views or activities, e.g. Communards. But today we plainly apply quite different criteria to political refugees from eastern Europe (of whom there are many) and to those from the U.S.A. (of whom, I think, there is not a single recognised case, though Dr. Cort shows that some Americans would wish to be classed as such). Would we have expelled Dr. Cort if he had been a Polish physiologist who, while attending a conference in Britain, had heard that he was to be questioned about his former membership of an anti-communist organisation and also to be called up into the forces, and who had chosen to refuse both summonses?

Second, the criteria of what constitutes a political refugee have for long been tacitly widened. We are today faced with a class of people who, while often running no risks at home, simply prefer, for political or ideological reasons, to expatriate themselves voluntarily. In the nineteenth century such people would simply have emigrated. Today free migration between countries is extremely difficult. Since Hitler's day such people have been recognised as political refugees. For instance, several non-Jewish scientists or musicians who chose to leave Germany were in effect accepted as such, though they might have continued respected and prosperous at home.

The case of numerous athletes and others from eastern Europe is similar. Indeed, only recently a prominent figure in the Polish musical world left his country in such circumstances. The fact that the risks which such voluntary expatriates might run at home play no part in the decision to let them remain is shown by our treatment of numerous members of the Polish forces who were invited to return to their country after the war.

I do not say that the present practice is desirable. However, it is clear that if we admit the right of east Europeans to leave their country simply because they do not like its political atmosphere, we must also admit the right of Americans to do so. Dr. Cort's case is, of course, much stronger than that of, say, Mr. A. Panufnik, since there is a *prima facie* case that he ran political risks in the U.S.A. as an active opponent of the present type of government there. *A fortiori*, therefore, there should be no question about admitting people like him to political asylum.

It may be argued that the risks which a returning east European runs in his own country are greater than those which a returning American communist or ex-communist runs. Two observations may be made about this. First, this is a matter of speculation. Second, it is not up to us to measure the degree of risk, provided we are certain that the risk is not negligible. It is not essential to prove that a returning refugee would risk his life, or a long gaol sentence. It is not essential even to prove that he would certainly receive a gaol sentence. But it is unquestionable that a returning ex-communist university teacher, cited before congressional

committees, has a high probability of suffering for his views. His chances of continuing his career are very considerably diminished, if they do not vanish. His chances of a gaol sentence (e.g. for a refusal to answer questions about his friends, such as any decent man would make) are very high. We need not even list the imponderable possible forms of material discrimination and mental suffering. That should be quite sufficient. The risks which many nineteenth-century political refugees ran on returning to their own countries were no greater than this.

Yours, etc.,
Cambridge E. J. HOBSBAWM

The Shape of Freedom

Sir,—I have only just now had brought to my notice the letter of the Rev. Richard Martin Taylor (the Vicar of Shroton in Dorset) which appeared in THE LISTENER of September 23. In the course of that letter he says:

... Cromwell is remembered to this day with great loathing, for he came down with his army from Shaftesbury on August 4, 1645, and 'liberated' this poor village, and put the dead and wounded in the church—some 300 of them. Presumably, the reverend gentleman is referring to Cromwell's dealing with the Clubmen of Dorset.

If your readers will turn to the relevant pages in Sprigge, Gardiner, and Abbott, they will realise that the parson's statement is sheer travesty, and that, so far from having excited loathing, Cromwell, by his lenience and patience, averted bloodshed, and finally won the confidence of the Clubmen themselves.

There is the less excuse for Mr. Taylor's balderdash, as the whole business of Cromwell and the Clubmen is dealt with, in the fullest detail, in the recognised standard work of A. R. Bayley in *The Civil War in Dorset* (Wessex Press, 1910).

John Buchan deals more briefly with the Clubmen in his *Cromwell* (pages 222-224). He concludes with these words:

Having no fear, he was merciful; he was tender with the puzzled Clubmen, and gentle to his vanquished enemies. His humanity, too, was notable...

Perhaps, Mr. Editor, it would be better for us all if we realised that the Ninth Commandment applies not only to the living but also to the dead.

Yours, etc.,
Gallington ISAAC FOOT

The War at Sea

Sir,—I have only just seen the interesting review of the first volume of *The War at Sea* in THE LISTENER of September 16. I think your reviewer has entirely misunderstood me on the question whether the naval intelligence system is best centralised or not. I certainly did not intend to make, as he says, any 'implication that intelligence could have been decentralised', and I do not see where that implication can be found in my book. What I wrote (page 202) was 'That the centralised naval intelligence system has immense and proven merits is beyond dispute', and I continued with a warning that 'the price of this is an increased tendency to intervene in operations, since, if the intelligence organisation is working in the designed manner, it is bound to be the best-informed agency'.

I think that the categorical nature of the first quotation makes it quite plain where I myself stand, and that the importance of the principle involved is sufficiently great for your readers to know that there is in fact no difference of outlook between your reviewer and myself.

Yours, etc.,
London, S.W.1 S. W. ROSKULL

NEWS DIARY

September 29–October 5

Wednesday, September 29

British Government offers, in interest of European defence, to maintain on Continent effective strength of forces now assigned to Supreme Allied Commander. This announcement is made by Mr. Eden at the Nine-Power Conference in London

Unofficial strike of shipyard workers in Port of London spreads to 8,000 workers

Chinese Nationalists claim to have beaten off a Communist attack on the Matsu Islands

Thursday, September 30

French Prime Minister welcomes Mr. Eden's offer at Nine-Power Conference

Mr. Vyshinsky puts forward new disarmament proposals at U.N. General Assembly

At Labour Party Conference in Scarborough it is announced that Labour policy will be to end the system of private paying beds in hospitals

Friday, October 1

A mass meeting of members of the National Amalgamated Stevedores and Dockers decides to strike

Remains of Temple of Mithras found in City of London are to be preserved on a new site

Two senior officials of the French Defence Ministry are arrested on charges of divulging military secrets

Saturday, October 2

Chancellor of the Exchequer returns from visit to Washington

Mr. Anthony Nutting, Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, meets Egyptian Foreign Minister to discuss outstanding questions relating to the Suez Canal agreement

Sunday, October 3

Nine-Power Conference concludes with the signature of agreements to end the occupation of western Germany, to permit her to enter Nato and the Brussels Treaty Organisation, and to set up a European arms control authority

General election is held in Brazil.

Monday, October 4

Work stops in seventy-two ships in Port of London owing to strikes

Mr. Selwyn Lloyd states that the Soviet disarmament proposals will be considered on their merits

Sterling area loses gold for third month in succession

Tuesday, October 5

Agreement on Trieste initialled by Italian and Yugoslav Ambassadors at Foreign Office

Travel allowances in foreign currency doubled for people going abroad



The traditional service marking the opening of the Michaelmas law term was held in Westminster Abbey on October 1. This photograph shows the Lord Chancellor walking in procession from the Abbey to the House of Lords



New Hall, a third college for women at Cambridge, was opened on October 5. The photograph shows the building in Silver Street where the college is housed for the present. Later it will move to a permanent home on the Huntingdon Road where there will be room for expansion

Right: the London Zoo's week-old giraffe, 'Christopher', photographed last week with his mother 'Maud'. His father can be seen in the next stall'



M. Mendès-France, the Chancellor, shaking hands





me Minister, and Dr. Adenauer, the German Federal conclusion of the London Conference on European Defence last Sunday



A demonstration, at which overseas visitors were present, was held last week at the Fighting Vehicles Research and Development Establishment in Surrey. In this photograph a one-ton load carrier, with built-in waterproofing, is seen being driven through a tank of water six feet deep. Also shown during the display was the first heavy tracked vehicle to be powered by a gas turbine



The tableau des fleurs in Rameau's 'Les Indes Galantes', which is being presented by the Paris Opéra Ballet at Covent Garden



Three statuettes of Queen Victoria, carved by members of the Yaruba tribe, Nigeria, from the exhibition, 'Européans Seen Through Native Eyes' at the Berkeley Galleries, London



The old royal yacht *Victoria and Albert* lying in Portsmouth dockyard where she is being stripped of her fittings before being broken up. Some of the fittings are to be preserved and the more valuable furniture transferred to the *Britannia*



A demonstration in lacemaking at the Kensington Antiques Fair at Leighton House. The bobbins being used are over 100 years old



Left: a demonstration in progress last week of the acoustic pen, an apparatus made by Vickers Armstrong, which is said to cut the noise of a jet engine by over 99 per cent., being tested on the ground



autumn books

The Life of David Hume

1711 — 1776

E. C. MOSSNER, Professor of Literature, University of Texas. A definitive biography, containing much new material, by the author of *The Forgotten Hume*. Indispensable for all who are interested in David Hume the man or the writer, in Scottish domestic history, or in eighteenth-century European literature. Two full-colour and 18 black-and-white half-tone illustrations.

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MACMILLAN

Autumn Books

The Young Queen's Mentor

Lord M.: or the Later Life of Lord Melbourne. By David Cecil. Constable. 21s.

Reviewed by WILLIAM PLOMER

WHEN an aristocrat who is a gentleman (the two not being of course always synonymous) writes about an aristocrat who was a gentleman, he may be expected to know what he is talking about, but when a literary man writes about a political man that expectation must as a rule be less confident. Political wisdom is to be acquired rather than inherited, but the capacity for its acquisition, if one happens to be a Cecil, appears decidedly heritable; and the casual reader, conscious of Lord David Cecil as a respected critic and biographer, can now admire his uncommon understanding of political matters. Not that the author wishes this to be regarded as a history book; he has described Lord Melbourne's political career to throw light upon his personality and its development, which are his principal concern; his book is a biography.

The casual reader's vague impression of Melbourne is not wrong but inadequate. Melbourne certainly was what is nowadays called a 'father figure', a useful and needed elderly mentor, much relied upon by Queen Victoria in the first years of her reign. He was much more than that, and the publisher claims him as 'one of the most curious and charming personalities in England's history'. Be that as it may, his biographer has teased out the facts from the records of the period, and arranged and interpreted them so judiciously and with such imagination, or humane understanding, that his subject emerges as a warm, striking, complex, admirable, and likable man who played an important part in that important phase of English history which included the passage of the Reform Bill and the accession of Queen Victoria.

For the benefit of those who have not read *The Young Melbourne* a section of its final chapter has been included in the preamble to the new volume, so that the reader, at once confronted with this genial man of feeling and intelligence, who was a sceptic, even a cynic, and something of a fatalist, and 'contrived to face the worthlessness of things cheerfully enough', is likely to find himself captivated. Very roughly speaking, the first half of the book is concerned with Melbourne's career as Prime Minister and his involvement with that tiresome, wronged beauty Mrs. Norton, the second with his role as mentor to Queen Victoria—but how very much more than mentor: the Queen, in Lord David's words, was 'at once his sovereign, his daughter, and the last love of his life'. As she wrote everything down in her diary, it has been possible to give a vivid and detailed picture of the relationship between them, which was emotional on both sides as well as political. It might have been thought hardly possible at this stage to clarify further the image of Queen Victoria, to define freshly 'that extraordinary and tameless force of personality',

but Lord David's view of her is as intense as that in the portrait by Chalon he has chosen as one of his illustrations.

Some strain in her—once again it may have come from Germany—had endowed her with an extravagant force of temperament; so that the ordinary in her was magnified to a degree where it became extraordinary.

Melbourne was a rare specimen of the man of action, to whom personal relations meant more than general principles, who was too disillusioned to be enslaved by personal ambition, and who was, surprisingly, 'interested less in getting things done than in studying why they happened'—who nevertheless got things done, often wisely and with courage, even though he liked to put off or avoid doing them, and tried to shun unpleasantness. He had his weaknesses, but he was a statesman, and may seem, to the reader of inadequate historical knowledge, to have been undervalued. As a personality he is irresistible, particularly in his forthrightness and quickwittedness. To an earl who came to him demanding to be made a marquess, he said, 'My dear sir, how can you be such a damn fool!' And of a half-witted Scotch peer, eager for honours, he exclaimed, 'Give him the Thistle! Why, he'd eat it!'

That Lord David should have an eye for these felicities is not surprising, and particularly pleasing is the dry flavour of some of his own asides. For example:

The English party system has much to be said for it: but it does not provide a natural home for the detached thinker.

Or:

Justly or not, it is hard to accept, as spokesman of the poor, a man who is reported to have spent £900,000 on doing up his house.

Obviously a biographer with acute socialistic inflammation would not exhibit Lord David's urbanity or share his acceptance or approval of Melbourne's character, behaviour, independence, and old, grand, Whig world; he would be liable to raise loud, protesting cries of 'Tolpuddle!' But Lord David is 'brought up with a jarring shock against the contradictions of the period, the discrepancy between the civilised humanity of upper class private life, and the blood and iron harshness . . . of the criminal law'. If he were not susceptible to this shock, he would not be the humane biographer that he is.



Lord Melbourne in 1834

From 'Lord M.'

Science and the Common Understanding by J. Robert Oppenheimer, the Reith Lectures for 1953 which were originally published in THE LISTENER, have now been published by the Oxford University Press, price 10s. 6d. Dr. Oppenheimer has added a brief and informal bibliography on atomic theory and its interpretation.

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FABER & FABER

An Object of Research

The Ordeal of George Meredith

By Lionel Stevenson. Peter Owen. 25s.

HAVING FAIRLY RECENTLY produced a biography of Meredith, I feel some diffidence about criticising this one. Most of the material is as familiar to me as my own nose, so perusal was mainly a matter of ascertaining how much the author had got the better of me by his investigations. My own book was largely an inquiry into the question of Meredith's present-day readability. Apart from that I was intimately fascinated by his character and personality, though unable to form any conclusive estimate. Professor Stevenson appears to have found him more consistently readable than I did. He never pauses to discuss the likelihood or the improbability of a Meredith Revival. No time for that in his 350 spacious pages. Nor does he commit himself to opinions of what Meredith was like as a man. We are left to judge him through the eyes of others. I was, however, greatly relieved to find no pathological assumptions or psycho-analytic fantasias.

The biography is unpretentious and straightforward, solid and sensible. Professor Stevenson, indeed, writes with a matter of fact detachment which almost amounts to anonymity. And as an example of patient and persistent research it must be highly commended. He has collected more biographical details than have hitherto figured in any volume on the subject, and has amplified and corrected many things which were in the (frequently inaccurate) book by S. M. Ellis which appeared in 1919. Allowing that these minutiae illuminate the story of Meredith's long delayed arrival at success and celebrity, the book can be regarded as supplementing its predecessors. Everything is there for a conscientious thesis writer to absorb—everything, I somehow felt, except a sense of objective aliveness. For a thesis it is, rather than an imaginative resuscitation. The biographer's modest and impersonal approach forbids him to attempt intimacy with Mr. Meredith, who is displayed therefore as one who belongs only to literary history—an object of research rather than a survival of abundant magnetism. We are in the Meredith memorial museum. And the presiding official portrait is often obscured by a blizzard of the aforesaid minutiae. Meanwhile the novels are described and dissected in the usual way. Dealings with editors and publishers crop up continually. And details of Meredith's journalistic activities are recovered from concealment. More might have been said about several of his friends and associates, many of whom are somewhat bleakly outlined owing to the pressure of the business on hand. But all available information has been assembled and impartially presented. As a reference book it could hardly be improved on, except for the inadequacy of the index.

The poetry of Meredith is treated in a business-like way. I found nothing to disagree with; all the ground is covered; the guidance is sound and competent. But very little is quoted, and sensitive appreciation is absent. 'A Ballad of Past Meridian' (one of my prime favourites) is ticked off as 'a brief and austere but yea-saying allegory', which may be a competent epitome, but is not to my taste. 'The Lark Ascending' is merely conceded 'a technical *tour de force* in its imitation of the bird's sustained song'. And surely more might have been said of the re-written and transfigured version of 'Love in the Valley' than 'It was bought by Macmillan's Magazine for sixteen guineas', interesting though this reward of research may be to the practical-minded. Anyhow I salute Professor Stevenson as a true-blue Meredithian, hoping that his book will bring new readers into the fold.

Of the poetry one can say that it is less out of fashion than the novels. 'Love in the Valley' has held place among the finest sustained lyrical poems. And 'Modern Love' magnificently upholds Meredith's diminished reputation. For though composed in 1861 it shows no sign of becoming dated. Far in advance of its age, it contains single lines of human philosophy which have the timeless quality of Shakespeare. As one of our greatest Nature poets he revealed unique vision of the relation between earth and man with exulting sanity and common sense. It is a world of winged freedom and windswept daylight, of outdoor life in continuous movement and action. Few poets have communicated such concrete stimulation, such oxygen of aliveness. It was foretold of him by Virginia Woolf that his place as a novelist will be with the great eccentrics rather than with the great masters. Henry James said that he harnessed winged horses to the heavy car of fiction, which I find a more illuminating comment. Eccentric he certainly was. But I see him also as a proud mortal challenging Olympus with ambition foredoomed to glorious frustration—his brilliance a kind of defiance of the gods, in

desperation. One might call him the Delacroix of imaginative prose, for his finest passages are memorable through effects of rhapsodised movement. But the gods, who had endowed him with such ardent attributes of genius, denied him the faculty of simplification and under-emphasis. To Turgenev they gave it; leaving Meredith to be the instrument of emotional and intellectual athleticism and agility.

SIEGFRIED SASSOON

'The Most Impossible Job'

In the Cause of Peace. By Trygve Lie. Macmillan. 35s.

FIVE YEARS AGO, as a member of one of the minor committees of the United Nations, I found myself at Lake Success. I had known Mr. Trygve Lie well in war-time London, and it was natural that we should meet for a drink. But the man who greeted me in the Delegates' Bar of the United Nations was very unlike the quiet, calm Norwegian whom I had seen in London. He led me to a corner from which he could observe everybody in the room. Why, he seemed to ask himself, was this man talking to that one? What plot was being hatched by that group of delegates in the far corner? Trygve Lie was clearly in a most unhealthy and nervous state. I said something to that effect to one of his closest colleagues. 'The job's been too big for him', he said. And his loyalty compelled him to add a reminder: 'Of course, it's the biggest diplomatic job there is'.

When Mr. Lie met his successor, Mr. Dag Hammarskjöld, at Idlewild Airport he defined the task of Secretary-General of the United Nations as 'the most impossible job on earth'. And nobody who reads this book is likely to accuse him of exaggeration. Mr. Lie omits several of the difficult problems with which he had to deal—Kashmir, Indonesia, and the fate of the ex-Italian colonies, for example—but the Palestine dispute, the Berlin blockade, the control of atomic energy, and the Korean war were all matters of immense importance in which the Secretary-General played a vital part, generally in the face of angry criticism from one or more of the five Permanent Members of the Security Council.

Trygve Lie felt this criticism keenly; a lesser man than he might have sought to avoid it. As Secretary-General of the League of Nations, Sir Eric Drummond had kept himself and his Secretariat in the background. One of his main objectives was to soften the jealousy aroused in various Foreign Offices by this new international civil service. Lie has been widely criticised for failing to show a similar modesty, but he explains most convincingly how the Charter gave him powers of initiative not granted to (and certainly not desired by) his League of Nations predecessor. With this conception of his duties, Trygve Lie never hesitated to make himself unpopular, and was reduced to seeking consolation from the fact that the Americans have accused him of pro-communism as vehemently as the Russians have accused him of being an American 'lackey'.

If Mr. Lie writes with some bitterness of American witch-hunting—which drove one of his closest and ablest colleagues, Abraham H. Feller, to suicide—and of the Russian refusal to give the Charter a chance, he also gives the British no excuse for complacency. Mr. Ernest Bevin appears in this book as a stubborn and stupid man, devoid of that readiness to listen to the expert which made his Labour predecessor at the Foreign Office, Arthur Henderson, one of the best Foreign Secretaries of recent times. By dumping the Palestine problem on the U.N. doorstep and then refusing to take action in support of U.N. decisions, the British Government incurred an unpleasant responsibility for the subsequent hostilities between Israel and the Arab states. That, at least, is Mr. Lie's opinion, and it would be difficult to refute his arguments. Sir Alexander Cadogan and Sir Gladwyn Jebb won Mr. Lie's respect and affection; although they were officials, they seem to have shown a far greater enthusiasm for the United Nations than did their own Foreign Secretary (though not so great as their Minister of State, Kenneth Younger, for whom the former Secretary-General has the warmest respect).

In the Cause of Peace is rather history than autobiography. Nevertheless it leaves a vivid impression of a man whose belief that the United Nations offers the only hope of peace is unimpaired, but whose disappointment is too profound fully to justify the expressions of confidence which appear here and there in the book. Some three-score vetoes pronounced by the Russians in the Security Council and, above all, Russian complicity in the breach of the Charter in Korea, have

left Trygve Lie with no illusions at all about communism. Anti-communist hysteria in the United States must considerably diminish his earlier satisfaction over the choice of New York as the headquarters of the Organisation, for which choice he was very greatly responsible.

Consequently, Mr. Lie has few hopeful suggestions to offer for the future. Next year there is to be a conference to study the revision of the Charter, and he mentions two reforms as being particularly obvious. The veto should not apply either to the vote on the admission of new members or to the Council's 'investigatory and conciliatory efforts' to achieve the pacific settlement of a dispute, since these efforts do not involve members in armed action. But Mr. Lie has to remind his readers that the Soviet Government has already come out in opposition to any such proposals for reform.

In present circumstances this book could not be both honest and cheerful. It is an honest book, and the courage of its author should stimulate those of us who fight best when the odds are against us.

VERNON BARTLETT

'The Thinking Sculpture'

Michael Rysbrack, Sculptor. By M. I. Webb.
Country Life. 42s.

DESPITE THE STRANGE PEOPLE who sometimes advocate in the newspapers a 'clearing out' of Westminster Abbey, the merits of eighteenth-century sculpture are now generally admitted. Yet in many public and ecclesiastical buildings its masterpieces are hardly discernible beneath the grime and cobwebs of years; in private houses the most unsuitable places are often thought good enough for the statue and the bust; and, after all, Michael Rysbrack has had to wait almost two centuries for his biographer. Mrs. Geoffrey Webb has devoted many years of labour to this book. Her researches have been interrupted by war and illness. She has had to contend with the problems of tracking down and examining a very substantial body of work, sometimes unsigned, often ill-documented, and scattered in cathedrals and churches, museums and galleries, colleges and country houses all over this island. She has triumphantly overcome all these difficulties, and has produced a most valuable and scholarly book.

Michael Rysbrack was born at Antwerp in 1694, and was trained up in the classical tradition of his fellow-countrymen François Duquesnoy ('il Fiammingo'), Artus Quellin, and his own master, Michael Van der Voort. During the same years a youth named Louis François Roubiliac was acquiring in Paris the elegance of French rococo sculpture, of Coysevox and the Coustous. Both in due course sought their fortune in England, where they shared the leadership of their profession. They remained faithful to the respective influences which had moulded them; and the rivalry between the Fleming and the Frenchman, and between the classical and rococo traditions which they personified, is one of Mrs. Webb's most important themes. There was plenty of scope for both styles in eighteenth-century England. The value of their diversity can best be realised when these two superbly contrasted sculptors depicted the same subject, as in their statues of Newton and their busts of Pope. So conscious were they of their rivalry that 'it seems to have been more or less understood that if Rysbrack had made a bust of a contemporary in either Roman or contemporary dress then Roubiliac, if he was called upon to make another portrait of the same individual later, adopted the opposite mode, and vice versa'.

Rysbrack came to England in 1720, several years before Roubiliac. He chose his moment well. The Palladian revival

was already under way, and the Burlington circle required a sculptor fully trained in the classical tradition. There was no lack of commissions from the very start. With Lord Burlington as his chief patron and William Kent as his friend and associate, he provided busts, statues, reliefs, chimney-pieces, and garden sculpture for a number of important houses; and the Newton and Stanhope monuments in Westminster Abbey, which he carried out to Kent's designs, firmly established his reputation as a monumental sculptor. 'His figures are well disposed, simple and great', wrote Horace Walpole; and indeed the most exacting critics could not fail to appreciate the strength, the calm, the Roman dignity of his finest work.

He seems to have been a gentle, amiable man, absorbed in his art and unaddicted to quarrels and displays of temperament. The same pale, thoughtful features appear in his portrait by John Vanderbank and in the interesting painting by Gawn Hamilton in which he figures as one of the Club of Saint Luke—'the Tip top Club of all, for men of the highest Character in Arts and Gentlemen Lovers of Art'. Everyone liked him, and he got on well with everyone—even with Sarah Duchess of Marlborough, for whom he worked for fifteen years without once incurring her displeasure. In consequence Blenheim contains some of his most admirable work, including the statue of Queen Anne in the gallery, and the tremendous monument to the great Duke in the chapel. Here he broke away, as he occasionally liked to do, from his habitual classicism, and produced a composition which can only be described as baroque, in the vigorous movement of its figures and its unaccustomed use of coloured marbles. Another of these ventures into the baroque was the statue of Locke at Christ Church, Oxford.

A still more important patroness was Queen Caroline, at whose behest Rysbrack carved, amongst other works, the busts of certain 'Heroes of Learning and Virtue' to adorn her celebrated and much-ridiculed Grotto at Richmond. Mrs. Webb, when discussing the problems raised by these busts and their present identification, does not mention Matthew Green's delightful poem 'The Grotto', which was surely the best thing ever written about that singular building.

Needless it is the busts to name
Of men, monopolists of fame.
Four chiefs adorn the modest stone,
For virtue as for learning known;
The thinking sculpture helps to raise
Deep thoughts, the genii of the place:
To the mind's ear, and inward sight,
Their silence speaks, and shade gives light . . .

Later in the century, Green's editor remarked that the four busts should have been five—Newton, Locke, Wollaston Clarke, and Boyle; but he says nothing of Bacon, of whom Mrs. Webb has reason to believe there may also have been a bust. Is it not possible that Bacon may finally have been excluded on the ground of his doubtful claims to be a Hero of Virtue?

There was little weakening in the steady flow of Rysbrack's output, or of its quality, until ill-health overtook him during the seventeen-sixties. As the leading classical sculptor in England he was employed by Robert Adam, in the first flush of his success, as he had been employed by the Palladians forty years earlier. His working life, as Mrs. Webb puts it, had seen 'the change from the Roman classicism of Fiammingo and Poussin to the neo-classicism of Athens and Winckelmann'. The mood of his later years is reflected in an interesting series of letters, hitherto unpublished, to his patron Sir Edward Littleton of Teddesley Hall in Staffordshire, which closes in 1766, four years before his death. These letters, and an alphabetical catalogue of his works, conclude a book whose merits are enhanced by its fine production and its many excellent plates.

R. W. KETTON-CREMER



Michael Rysbrack, by Vanderbank: in the National Portrait Gallery
From 'Michael Rysbrack, Sculptor'

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JONATHAN CAPE

Legend and History

A History of Soviet Russia. The Interregnum 1923-1924
By Edward Hallett Carr. Macmillan. 30s.

IN 1917 LENIN, with more determination and less scruples than his political rivals, seized sole power for his own party, and thereafter preserved it by skill and by force. This comparatively simple story has in the course of one generation been heavily encrusted with legend. Under the powerful influence of marxism the victory of the Bolsheviks has become enshrined as an inevitable step in the progress of society. The policies of their political opponents have been distorted and their strength underestimated. One consequence has been the failure of many historians to appreciate the full extent to which Lenin's policy was often dictated neither by marxism, nor by forces beyond his control, but by his determination to stay in power without either peasants' or workers' support. Another has been the growth of the persistent legend that Lenin's principles of government differed in kind, and not merely in degree, from those of his successor Stalin.

As many critics pointed out, even Mr. Carr's earlier volumes were not entirely uninfluenced by the insidious Lenin legend. But the present volume, the fourth in the series, shows how good a historian Mr. Carr really can be. The familiar qualities are there—the lucid marshalling of facts, the meticulous scholarship; the coldly dispassionate narrative style at times almost bordering on the disdainful. The great figure of Lenin is off stage during the whole of the period covered in this volume. The once formidable socialist opposition has been smashed. As Mr. Carr picks his way with scrupulous fairness among the intrigues and quarrels of Lenin's would-be inheritors one cannot help suspecting at times that, like Dr. Johnson, he has found it 'difficult to settle the proportion of iniquity between them'.

The volume falls into three sections. In the first Mr. Carr deals with the economic crisis of 1923. This was the so-called 'scissors' crisis, caused by the rapidly increasing disparity of rising industrial and falling agricultural prices after September 1922. (The name derived from Trotsky's speech, in which he exhibited a graph showing the growing price divergency as a pair of open scissors.) The crisis was solved largely by orthodox financial reform and by the increasing prosperity which the New Economic Policy brought in its train.

The second section deals with foreign relations—the struggle for international recognition, with its consequent vital foreign loans; and the activities of the Comintern, especially in Germany. The period covered ends with the newly formed Labour Government in Britain beating Mussolini by a short head in according *de jure* recognition. The efforts of the Comintern to promote a communist revolution in Germany ended in disaster. Mr. Carr has disentangled this complicated story, which has been much obscured in the past by the partisans of this or that faction. From the point of view of the Russians, however, the period was not entirely barren, because it laid the foundations for the complete control by the Russian party over foreign communist parties which was soon to become consolidated. Besides, the failure of a communist revolution in Germany was not an unmixed setback. It preserved for years the vital co-operation between the Soviet and German armies and armament industries which the convulsions of a revolution might have put in temporary jeopardy.

The third section, which deals with internal politics, is the most interesting of the three. Lenin, except for short interludes, lay paralysed. How little he influenced the course of affairs is evident from the fact alone that none of the communist leaders apparently saw him after December 1922. But the possibility of his return to work was envisaged by all, and Trotsky for one placed all his hopes on it. Stalin, firmly entrenched in the vital party apparatus into which Lenin had placed him in 1922, pursued his struggle against Trotsky and other potential rivals with 'self-effacement, cunning and infinite patience', and with the vain and fundamentally stupid Zinoviev acting as his tool. By the time Lenin died, Stalin had already outwitted and defeated an opposition which might have been formidable, because—if Trotsky's evidence is correct, and Mr. Carr appears to accept it in the main as reliable—it had Lenin's support. The 'uneasy balance', which had marked the period of the interregnum, was over.

Why did the opposition fail? Trotsky's inferior skill was undoubtedly one factor. Mr. Carr sees another 'weakness' of the opposition in its failure to make common cause with industrial discontent. But it was not so much a weakness as an impossibility: no communist group could

risk making common cause either with peasant or with worker masses, since to have done so would have been to risk a second, more powerful *Kronstadt* in which the entire unpopular communist rule might have been swept away. More recognition is perhaps also due to the marxist scruples of a man like Trotsky which prevented any recourse by him to popular revolt against a 'proletarian' government. The real weakness of any communist opposition to growing dictatorship, centralisation, and bureaucracy in the party was that in 1923 these features were almost as essential for the survival of the unpopular communist autocracy as they had been in 1921, when Trotsky and his supporters had one and all voted for them. They had then willingly followed Lenin's lead. It was too late to withdraw.

LEONARD SCHAPIRO

Early Essays of Locke

John Locke: Essays on the Law of Nature
Edited by Wolfgang von Leyden. Oxford. 35s.

NO ONE NOWADAYS, apart from a few legal theorists and historians of philosophy, speaks of the Law of Nature. It is too easily confused with the *laws* of nature which empirical scientists seek, and indeed in itself it is a highly ambiguous expression; to say, as one might, that the Law of Nature is 'the moral law which the Creator has made evident to and compelling upon every rational being' would not be to talk the most perspicuous sense. However, this was once a much-discussed concept, and it has played a larger part than many people would suspect in the development of political ideas, including those (it now appears) of Locke.

Until recently it was supposed either that Locke never wrote at length on the Law of Nature or that what he wrote had been lost. In his *Treatises on Government* Locke declared that the Law of Nature was 'as intelligible and plain to a rational creature' as the positive law of the realm, but he disavowed the intention of 'entering into its particulars'. He had, in fact, already entered into them in a series of Latin essays he wrote more than twenty years earlier than his *Treatises on Government*, and which are now published for the first time in an edition prepared by Dr. Wolfgang von Leyden. It was Dr. von Leyden who discovered the essays in the Lovelace Collection of Locke manuscripts now preserved at the Bodleian Library, Oxford. Not many scholars were allowed to see this collection between 1704, when Locke died, and 1942, when Dr. von Leyden began his work on it, and those who saw it overlooked the Latin essays.

There are three drafts of the essays, and from other papers in the Lovelace Collection together with internal evidence Dr. von Leyden has been able to reconstruct their history. Locke wrote the first draft as a result of discussions and correspondence on the subject in 1660 with his Oxford friend, Gabriel Towerson, who sixteen years later published *An Explication of the Decalogue* with a long introduction on the 'Law of Nature'. In 1664, when Locke was Censor of Moral Philosophy at Christ Church, he used the same essays (a second draft having been made by an amanuensis) as lectures in his seminar or 'wranglings' (*velitationes*) with his pupils. Many years later, some time between 1687 and 1692, Locke had a third copy made by his secretary, Sylvanus Brownover, probably because another Oxford friend, James Tyrrell, author of *A Brief Disquisition on the Law of Nature* (1692), had urged Locke to review and publish his own 'old thoughts' on the same subject. Once having re-read his 'old thoughts', Locke decided not to print them. The most plausible of conceivable reasons for this decision is that Locke at or near the age of sixty no longer agreed with what he had written before he was thirty.

At the time of the Stuart Restoration Locke was not, as he later became, a liberal. The widespread belief that he was already a liberal then derives from the attribution to Locke by his Victorian biographer, H. R. Fox Bourne (otherwise a reliable man), of a document Locke did not write. The true author of that document was made known as long ago as 1914, and the Lovelace Collection has lately yielded positive evidence that Locke's political sympathies in 1660 were strongly right-wing and authoritarian, though he seems to have moved leftwards fairly rapidly between 1661 and 1667. One of the reasons for Locke's preoccupation with the Law of Nature in 1660 was his desire to justify political obedience. In later life, of course, he was the champion of political liberty, and although the Law of Nature retained a place in

his system, he had, so far as politics was concerned, much more to say about Natural Rights.

In his introduction to the Latin essays, Dr. von Leyden puts particular emphasis on two questions which exercised Locke's mind when he was writing them: the epistemological question of how we know the Law of Nature, and the moral question of how and to what extent that Law is binding. In the course of his argument Locke passed from the recognition that man is rational to the assumption that man's reason, on the basis of sense-experience, leads to the discovery of moral truths, nay, if properly employed, to the discovery of one and the same moral truth: the Law of Nature. Locke was led on to say that the truths thus learned are divine commands binding on all men, and hence to his conclusion (which is also put forward in his great work on the *Human Understanding*) that the validity of morality can be

demonstrated in the same way and with the same certainty as geometry.

Much of the empiricism of the *Human Understanding* is anticipated in these Latin essays. Dr. von Leyden indeed suggests that Locke was 'more anxious to vindicate the new empirical philosophy than to provide a logical analysis of the concept of natural law'. In the *Human Understanding* Locke provided a much better vindication of the new empirical philosophy (although that work is not wholly empiricist). He also set forth (notably in his section on *Words*) a critical technique which, once applied to the concept of the Law of Nature, would assuredly prove it to be ruinously equivocal. It is no wonder that Locke decided *not* to print his Latin essays. And even today, when we are so curious about the way in which great minds work, Dr. von Leyden's commentary is more interesting than Locke's own text.

MAURICE CRANSTON

Viva il Turismo!

Places. Edited by Geoffrey Grigson and Charles Gibbs-Smith. Grosvenor Press. 42s.

DISCONTENTED EGOISTS are likely to be annoyed by this large and handsome volume, one of a series 'epitomising the tastes, achievements and aspirations of mankind'. The other volumes deal, or will deal, with *People*, *Things*, and *Ideas*. *Places* are the most attractive subject (though *Ideas* will be entertaining when it comes along), and will provoke most grumbling, because malcontents will complain that many good places are left out, many poor ones put in, and that many are described in a way that vexes them—too much emphasis, perhaps, on the inhabitants, or on the common guillemot. They may even complain of a few inaccuracies (such as the description of the Jerez Cartuja as 'disused and partly ruined', whereas it is now smartened up and inhabited by monks), some important omissions, such as the birth of Apollo on Delos, the Roman columns, etc., in Barcelona, the noble ruins of Quarr Abbey which lie about a field in the Isle of Wight, and so on.

But, on the whole, such criticisms are unfair. This book makes no attempt to emulate Baedeker; of the many million places on the globe it selects only 399; and in short impressions of a place, not all its famous features can be noted. To me, a book of brief essays on places, adorned with sixteen fine colour plates and 160 in black and white, and a fine Grand Canal jacket seldom comes amiss. Any book which, as Thomas Coryat put it, proposes to me the beautiful theatre of the universe, that I may run over it at large, is welcome. As to the selection, everyone has a right to make his own and bid his readers take it or leave it; it was foolish to waste breath sighing after Aleppo and Byblos, Tyre and Trebizond, and cursing the tedious Ankara for occupying space (I am glad to see that Ankara anyhow gets its deserts here). Though it does seem perverse that not a single place in the enchanting land of Portugal should be mentioned.

Of course one has one's prejudices; for my part I distaste odious snowy hill-tops, volcanic mountains, and stones standing on end, as at Carnac and Stonehenge, or in the ocean like Rockall, which would seem of interest only to weather commentators and marine fowl. But even when the objects written of annoy, the writing itself is, on the whole, good, and some of it admirable. Particularly I like the articles

on Alexandria, the Mississippi, Cambridge, Oxford, and the Rhine (in that order). But many others please. Dubrovnik, for instance, takes on its exquisite colour and shape, and is not cluttered up, like too many cities, with noisy citizens, who at times, as in Naples, seem to take entire possession of the scene. I do not want (though others may) flamenco and gypsy singing in Jerez; I want to see the shape and colours of this pleasant town. A little history is good to have, and this is usually supplied, sometimes too much, since we really know much of it already, and what we don't is in other books.

I think what one wants from a book like this is impressions. Such as the ghostly, god-haunted melancholy of Cumae and the Phleorean fields—a good piece. The Lourdes article, on the other hand, gives no impression of the garish town posed so dramatically among the Pyrenees foot-hills; there is much of Bernadette and miraculous healings and 'tasteless exploitation', but no visual picture is left. Venice, which should be completely pictorial (and away with Byron and La Guiccioli), has some good descriptive touches:

... a narrow alley where sounds echo back, and the smell of decaying brick and green water hits the nose, and a fluff of lilac pushes over a wall, and the gondola slides under humped bridges to the steps of your hotel.

Excellent. But it goes on:

Now you are in Venice, and you are a tourist, a status which every man dislikes, and would rather recognise in others than himself.

Surely nonsense. There can be no status more delicious, more steeped in glamour and the magic of the moment. What we may resent in fellow-tourists is that they share our magic carpet. *Viva il turismo*, as Italians chalk on walls. The charm of such a volume as *Places* is that it stirs the touristic appetite, that deep, primitive craving that beats in most human breasts. But alas, there are too many National Parks here, and in them roam too many animals; I do not want to be a tourist in an immense Whipsnade.

Regarded as a picture book, *Places* is excellent value. You can't travel with it, it is too heavy; an arm-chair book. Children will enjoy it.

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Military Law and 'Crime'

Crime and the Services. By John Spencer.
Routledge and Kegan Paul. 28s.

THE RECENT SHOAL OF BOOKS on 'crime' which reflects at the same time an increase of popular and of scientific interest in the subject, can be roughly assorted in three main categories. First and least important come *feuilletons*, whether by ex-journalists or ex-prisoners, that satisfy the dilettante requirements of 'Crime Clubs' and of the readers of Sunday newspapers; next a variety of 'textbooks' written by specialists (psychiatrists, social workers, ex-policemen, penal reformers, magistrates, and occasionally clergymen) with a one-angled approach; and, finally, books on criminology proper, published by students of the subject who are able and ready to subordinate their specialised findings to the over-riding necessities of a multi-disciplined approach. The present work by John Spencer belongs to the third group. Primarily a piece of sociological research, it is written by an authority who has not only taken the trouble to study his case-material at first hand but has familiarised himself with the methods and conclusions adopted in the many cognate fields of criminological investigation.

Lest the reader should be led astray by the title, it should be emphasised that Dr. Spencer's book is not so much a study of Service 'crime' as an account of the effect of Service life on criminal behaviour, using this term in its accustomed civilian sense. Service 'crime', which for the greater part consists of 'being A.W.O.L.', of 'deserting', is determined by the necessities and prejudices of the Service group. And since martial law makes demands on the individual serviceman which, from the civilian point of view, could well be stigmatised as incitements to criminal, or at least psychopathic, behaviour, to say nothing of running flatly counter to the canons of common-sense social hygiene, it is necessary for the reader to bear constantly in mind the distinction between Service and civilian codes of behaviour. Indeed it would have added to the value of the first part of his presentation had the author underlined this distinction more frequently, amplifying it possibly with a study of the civilian rectitude of conduct displayed by most 'conscientious objectors', who, from the Service point of view, could well be regarded as being permanently 'A.W.O.L.'

Such considerations lend added interest to some of the author's conclusions, in particular that the criminal remains a criminal whether inside or outside the Services; that the 'common-sense' hypothesis that Service life in itself has a criminogenic influence on its participants must be rejected; that the converse of this proposition, *viz.*, that it is a means of rehabilitating the delinquent, is also unproven; that the criminogenic influences of Service life are to be found rather in the attendant circumstances of it, e.g., family separation and interruption of working life particularly of young men in their teens; and that difficulties in adjustment before, during, and after Service life are due to a large extent to unfavourable influences existing during early childhood.

As far as treatment of Service 'crime' is concerned, the author's findings go to support the modern trend of penal reform away from the retributive and deterrent aspects of punishment to a reformative approach. Effective selection, elimination of 'unsatisfactory' Servicemen, maintenance of morale and efficient methods of rehabilitation are, in Dr. Spencer's view, the measures most calculated to reduce Service 'crime'. But here again the reader must remember that most Service offences represent attempts to 'escape' from conditions of life that are frankly and deliberately totalitarian, to say nothing of being frequently repugnant.

Having cleared the ground in this fashion, Dr. Spencer then turns to the problems of readjustment of ex-servicemen and the treatment of ex-service offenders in Borstal and prison institutions. This section resolves itself into a discussion of methods of rehabilitation, in which the factor of Service life shrinks to the sociological level of a special 'environmental situation' which influences the life of the potential or actual delinquent without however constituting a primary criminogenic factor. The author's views on these subjects, supported as they are by a number of direct studies carried out in penal institutions, reinforce his findings regarding the treatment of Service 'crime' and confirm the recent work on civilian offenders of a number of prison psychiatrists. Sooner or later the issue of rehabilitation and reform as opposed to deterrent punishment must be settled by a harassed and often puzzled Home Office, if only because the extensive scientific

measures undertaken in the name of rehabilitation involve interferences with the liberty of the subject to refuse treatment, which the criminal offender himself, to say nothing of many non-criminal libertarians, might well regard as unfair penal discrimination. Indeed, if the Welfare State continues its course of enlightened grandmotherliness at the present rate, the time may well come when the most ardent supporters of the doctrine of 'purging an offence through punishment' will be found exclusively amongst the ranks of hardened criminals. When the occasion arises to resolve this totalitarian dilemma, Dr. Spencer's admirable book will prove a powerful weapon in the hands of the penal reformer. In the meantime it remains a model of modern sociological method applied to a subject which, as the author makes clear in an appendix, not only bristles with practical difficulties but is riddled with methodological loopholes.

EDWARD GLOVER

W. B. Yeats

The Letters of W. B. Yeats. Edited by Allan Wade.
Hart-Davis. 63s.

The Identity of Yeats. By Richard Ellmann. Macmillan. 25s.

WHY, WITH RARE EXCEPTIONS like Keats and Byron, are the letters of poets so dull? Yeats confessed that he hated writing prose, but he meant formal prose—he seems to have had no hesitation in writing letters, and to several correspondents he wrote regularly. There can seldom have been such a sustained correspondence as that which he held with Olivia Shakespear for more than forty years. And yet these very letters—there are more than a hundred of them in Mr. Wade's selection—tell us nothing about the inner life of William Butler Yeats. His letters to his father—one of the best letter-writers that ever lived—are equally non-committal. It is possible that the letters to his wife, still held back, will be more revealing, but meanwhile it seems as though the poet, from the very beginning, had determined to pour all his spiritual energy into his poetry. The result was an impoverishment of all other forms of expression—except his conversation, which was perhaps the only mental relaxation in which he indulged.

The letters do, of course, include much of interest to the biographer and literary historian, and occasionally they are witty and even spiteful—as when he calls Wilfred Owen 'a revered sandwich-board man of the revolution'. A few letters contain acute remarks on poetic technique, like the following passage from a letter to Sir Herbert Grierson:

The over childish or over pretty or feminine element in some good Wordsworth and in much poetry up to our date comes from the lack of natural momentum in the syntax. This momentum underlies almost every Elizabethan and Jacobean lyric and is far more important than simplicity of vocabulary. If Wordsworth had found it he could have carried any amount of elaborate English. Byron, unlike the Elizabethans though he always tried for it, constantly allows it to die out in some mind-created construction, but is, I think, the one great English poet—who sought it constantly. Blunt, though mostly an infuriating amateur, has it here and there in some Elizabethan sounding sonnet and is then very great. Perhaps in our world only an amateur can seek it at all—unless he keep to the surface like Kipling—or somebody like myself who seeks it with an intense unnatural labour that reduces composition to four or five lines a day. In a less artificial age it would come with our baby talk. The amateur has the necessary ease of soul but only succeeds a few times in his life.

This, at any rate, is one form of revelation. It shows that Yeats himself was determined to be a professional poet, and that he had a very clear conception of the necessary conditions. This is brought out very forcibly in Mr. Ellmann's critical study of Yeats' poetical practice. Mr. Ellmann has already written an authoritative biography of the poet, and therefore allows himself in this new book to concentrate on technical matters. It is an intelligent handling of very complex questions—questions of the relation of mood to matter, of inspiration to belief, of emotion to symbol. The whole poetic career of Yeats raises a problem of fundamental importance to our culture—a problem of which Yeats' only considerable successor, Mr. T. S. Eliot, has been very conscious, and was perhaps chiefly made conscious by Yeats' formidable example: the relevance of a poet's beliefs to the quality of his creative achievement. Yeats had considered this problem deeply, and he had even gone out of his way (his strictly poetic way) to acquire a system of beliefs—the

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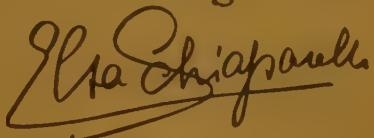
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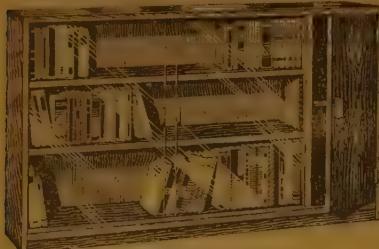
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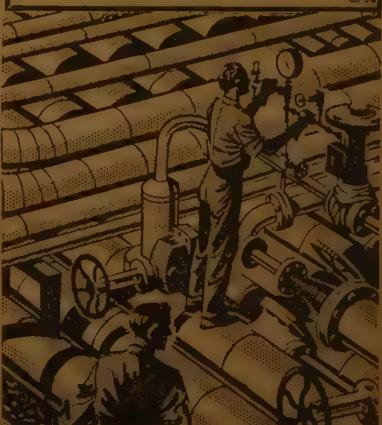

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cranky structure of symbols described in *A Vision*. But towards the end of his life he realised that all such structures are vain. 'I find', he confessed in a letter written to Lady Elizabeth Pelham in the month that he died, "'expression' is a part of 'study'... It seems to me I have found what I wanted. When I try to put it all into a phrase I say, 'Man can embody truth but he cannot know it'. I must embody it in the completion of my life. The abstract is not life and everywhere draws out its contradictions. You can refute Hegel but not the Saint or the Song of Sixpence...' His final affirmations were affirmations of the romantic tradition. The final form of experience is subjective; or, as Mr. Ellmann puts it, 'only at those moments when we lose ourselves and become archetypal can poetry be made'. Momentum and other technical matters apart, to discover what is archetypal and what is artificial in Yeats' symbolism is to discover what is poetry and what is mere rhetoric. In that search Mr. Ellmann is a useful guide.

HERBERT READ

German Economic Policy

Germany's Comeback in the World Market

By Ludwig Erhard. Allen and Unwin. 21s.

A STUDY OF THIS BOOK is likely to prove something of a surprise to the reader. From its title page and wrapper one might expect that in it the colourful and forceful Bonn Minister for Economics would explain in a colourful and forceful manner the basic principles of the 'miracle', whereby the production and foreign trade of western Germany have grown so rapidly in recent years. But this is not what the reader will in fact find. As is made clear in a short postscript on the last page, the book was in fact produced by officials in the Foreign Trade Section of the Federal Ministry of Economics.

As such it is of great interest and should be carefully read by all those who are concerned with the major developments of international trade—and in particular of international trade in products and markets which are likely to be especially competitive with British trade. The book contains a careful and illuminating account of the development of methods of control over German foreign trade since the war; it describes the growth of German commerce in various products and various markets over that period; and it outlines the different ways in which, by trade treaty and otherwise, German foreign trade is at present influenced by state policy. Much of this description and discussion is of the greatest interest. For example, the description of the labyrinth of controls and regulations in which in the immediate post-war years German foreign trade was involved might give even the most ardent *dirigiste* cause to ponder. Or, to take another example, the *dirigiste* and freetrader alike will find much food for thought in the passages in which the authors of this book discuss the relations between the German government and the private trader in a world in which many German exports are controlled and planned in the importing countries (e.g. imports of capital equipment into the underdeveloped countries).

But this book does not only provide a thoughtful description of German trade and commercial policy. It has also, as would be expected of a book from such a source, a very definite message: the superiority of the free market economy over the controlled economy. In support of this thesis the facts are relied upon to speak for themselves. With economic controls immediately after the war German production and trade were at terribly low levels. With the removal of suppressed inflation through the currency reform and the subsequent reversion to a free market economy there has been combined a most remarkable upsurge of production and trade.

This revival should not be exaggerated. Its dramatic quality lies rather in the speed of recovery (from the quite abnormally low level after the war) than in the absolute level which it has by now attained. As Professor Erhard points out in his preface to the book, while the German Reich accounted for 9.4 per cent. of world trade in 1938, western Germany accounted for only 5.4 per cent. of world trade as late as in 1952. Nevertheless the revival has been very rapid and very marked. One must not, of course, rely upon a *post-hoc-propter-hoc* argument. But the coincidence of this revival with the restoration of a free market must prove at least disconcerting to the opponents of the free market economy.

In the presentation of this message this book is, however, both dis-

appointing and disquieting. It is disappointing to find no detailed description and analysis of the relations between the freeing of the domestic economy and the revival of foreign trade, of the effect of the currency reform, of budgetary policy, of monetary policy, of price policy, of wage policy, of exchange-rate policy, and so on, upon the level of imports and exports. The authors stick to a discussion of commercial policy—apart from very general statements about the virtues of a free laissez-faire policy domestically.

Some of these general statements will, however, be a little disquieting to some British readers. One does not need to be an out-and-out *dirigiste* to believe that in the modern world domestic financial policy should be used to prevent general deflations, and so unemployment, as well as to prevent general inflations and so a strain on the balance of payments; but all 'economic nationalism' is distrusted in this book. Nor does one have to be in love with quantitative controls to hold the view that in the modern world fiscal and similar policies should be used to lead to a more equal distribution of income and property; but the Welfare State is abhorred by the authors of this book. It is surely a primary task of modern economic statesmanship in international affairs to find some working compromise—for example, through a system of variations in the exchange rates between the national currencies—whereby on the one hand a free market and the price mechanism can be used to stimulate production at home and trade between nations, while on the other hand national governments can maintain sufficient freedom of action in general financial policies to preserve domestic stability and to achieve an acceptable social equilibrium. That this book does not deal with this problem is understandable; it is a book about commercial policy by experts in commercial policy. What is disturbing is that a reading of it suggests that those who are responsible for economic policy in Germany may have consciously abandoned the search for such a compromise.

J. E. MEADE

The World's Debate

A History of the Crusades: Vol. III: The Kingdom of Acre, and the later Crusades. By Steven Runciman. Cambridge. 35s.

THIS BOOK MAY BE AT ONCE acclaimed as the final instalment of the best history of the Crusades in the English language, and it must have been the most difficult to compose. For its subject is extraordinarily complex. From the viewpoint of the Latin west the story might be said to start with the transitory successes of the Third Crusade and the exploits of Coeur-de-Lion; thence it proceeds through the pathos of the Children's Crusade on to the failure of Saint Louis; and finally to that long twilight when the Latin states of Syria languished, when Outremer itself became a hopeless anachronism, and the ideals that had once sent Christian chivalry to die at the Horns of Hattin faded into the mercenary disillusionments of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries.

Yet to Mr. Runciman this is only one part of the subject, and not that with which he is most in sympathy. For him, as for Gibbon (whom he imitates in some of his comments) this is essentially the 'World's Debate', and with his exceptional knowledge of eastern sources he has sought to describe it in relation to 'the sequence of interaction and fusion between Orient and Occident out of which our civilisation has grown'. Much of this book is thus concerned with the history of Islam and with the effects of the Crusades upon its unity. Similarly, he traces with power and erudition the impact of the Mongols upon the long struggle. The astonishing empire of Jenghis Khan offered to the Christians the temptation of making strange allies, but the tide of Mongol conquest produced other and more terrible results before it was stemmed by the Mameluke victory in 1260 which 'saved Islam from the most dangerous threat it has ever had to face'. Finally, there is the fate of the Byzantine Empire. 'The real disaster of the Crusades was the inability of Western Christendom to understand Byzantium', and the saddest episode in Mr. Runciman's story is the destruction of Constantinople by Christian arms in 1204. The strongest defence of Christendom was thus broken down by the Crusaders themselves, and in due course its enemies were enabled to cross the Straits and to penetrate into the heart of Europe.

In telling this complicated story Mr. Runciman displays himself as a master of narrative. His account is extremely detailed but it never loses interest or clarity; and it is spiced with irony, and enlivened with notable sketches of character such as those of Saladin and Coeur-de-Lion, Jenghiz Khan and Hulagu. When he turns aside to consider the commerce of Outremer, the economic effects of the Crusades on western Europe, or the architecture and arts in the Frankish states of Syria, his treatment is more perfunctory and less convincing, but, as he protests, an author must write his book in his own way, and this book is written supremely well. It may indeed be doubted whether any modern English historian has command of a more distinguished narrative style.

At the end of his long work, Mr. Runciman permits himself some

reflections on the great movement he has chronicled in such detail. His conclusions will not receive universal assent, but they deserve the closest consideration. It is a tragedy that he has sought to write, and a sense of tragedy is the final impression he desires to leave upon his readers. The Crusades, he says, were 'a destructive episode'. There was 'so much courage and so little honour, so much devotion and so little understanding', and 'the historian as he gazes back across the centuries at their gallant story must find his admiration overcast by sorrow at the witness that it bears to the limitations of human nature'. The triumphs of the Crusades were in truth triumphs of faith. But this author feels constrained to add: 'Faith without wisdom is a dangerous thing'.

DAVID DOUGLAS

British Policy in Malaya

Report from Malaya. By Vernon Bartlett. Verschoyle. 10s. 6d.

MR. VERNON BARTLETT has been well known as an author and journalist for more than a generation. Many of us will remember, in particular, his inspiring broadcasts during the last war. He has written on a wide range of subjects and on many countries. One exception up to now has been Malaya, but at the end of last year an invitation to him from General Templer to come out and see things for himself allowed him to remedy what was, after all, a minor omission. On arrival he was taken on a comprehensive tour of the country by car, train, and helicopter. Now he submits a report of his visit.

'I should be a conceited fool (he says) if I were to base my judgements on my own small experiences; I base them on the opinions of the many people I was fortunate enough to meet'. Since the greater part of this slim volume (128 pages) consists of a summary of the official 'hand-outs', it is clear that General Templer and his publicists were the ones who most impressed him and had most to contribute to his enlightenment. The remainder of the book is a pleasant and discursive causerie, easy to read and with some graphic traveller's impressions. There are some unusually fine photographs.

Mr. Bartlett has a good word to say for practically everyone (the communists, of course, excepted). He is, however, critical of the UMNO-MCA Alliance, whose offence, it seems, was its opposition to the General and its demand for immediate elections with an unofficial majority. Several pages of the small total allowance (the book begins at page 9) are devoted by the author to thanking his hosts and helpers (sixteen of them by name—all of them Europeans). *Report from Malaya*, indeed, is not so much a book as a 'bread-and-butter' letter.

First and foremost, Mr. Bartlett seeks to vindicate the character and policy of his host, General Templer. This he does with some handsome tributes to him, though with some reservations which sound very much like the still small voice of conscience protesting against the dictates of social convention. He says, 'His (General Templer's) purpose was to end the Emergency. The Emergency is not ended'. 'He (the General) was unable to suffer fools gladly and was occasionally a little too hasty in deciding who was a fool'. 'The loss of its (the Malayan Chinese Association's) support must count as one of General Templer's few failures' (which is like saying that the Liberals scored

a great victory at the last General Election but that unfortunately a majority of the electorate failed to vote for them). 'Templer has been a tonic in Malaya, but tonics tend to lose their effect if taken too often'. It is unusual, however, for a physician to prescribe a tonic for a patient in a high fever (and even more unusual for him to call on his patients in an armoured car). But I feel that Mr. Bartlett should have looked not to physic but to surgery for his metaphor for the Templer regime. The use of armoured cars and collective punishment to shock Malaya back into political health can more plausibly be likened to operating on a man suffering from fear-neurosis and claustrophobia without an anaesthetic and with the aid of a blunt chisel.

Report from Malaya will be read with pleasure by all who wish to be comforted and to avert their gaze from 'the writing on the wall'. By vested interest and the supporters of the *status quo* it will be hailed as a triumphant and highly documented vindication of Templerism. Reading between the lines, however, it is clear that if there is anyone who has misgivings about British policy in Malaya it is the author himself. Towards the end he brackets the two irreconcilable policies—(a) it is 'stupid and criminal' to withhold independence when it is strongly demanded (*i.e.* UMNO-MCA policy), and (b) equally, independence can be granted only to those approved by the colonial power (*i.e.*, British policy).

Finally, Mr. Bartlett asks, 'Can a S.E.A. pact be effective?' and, 'Will the Asians look on such a pact as an attempt to defend them or to perpetuate "Colonialism"?' As an authority on world affairs, he must see that S.E.A.T.O. threatens to split the Commonwealth and that it is held up from outside and not from within.

At the best it is likely to increase existing tension, but should it be supplied with 'teeth', and should General Templer be appointed to direct it (as it is rumoured in the press that he may be) and his dynamic personality be given even wider scope than it had in Malaya, S.E.A.T.O. may well prove to be something more than a mere concession to American opinion.

VICTOR PURCELL

Professor Geoffrey Barraclough's review of *A Study of History: vols. VII-X*, by Professor Arnold J. Toynbee, will be published in THE LISTENER next week.



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CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

Television Broadcasting DOCUMENTARY

Seeing the Argument

'IN THE NEWS' returned to television last Friday night to remind us yet again that, as Disraeli said, this country is governed not by logic but by parliament. The programme was as woolly and untidy, as prevaricating and exasperating, as it always has been since it began its history, four or five years ago, as television's hardest annual. No one who respects that admirable mental attribute, a willingness to be convinced, would bother with it unless circumstances compelled him to do so, as I must professionally claim they compel me. The politicians who gather round the table for 'In the News' nearly all have the glint of impervious-

mōstration of the B.B.C.'s reputation for political impartiality.

Of last Friday night's old contenders, Stephen McAdden's was the best performance of the knack of sticking to a point—and to the agenda. He more than once gave better than he got in terms of party strife from Michael Foot, a fanatical specialist in that line of controversy. Robert Boothby brought presence and gusto to the programme in the style of the old-time dilettante actor who takes his audience into his confidence by disarming winks over the footlights. Anthony Greenwood won goodwill by showing that the contemporary young politician does not consider imperviousness to argument the highest political virtue. Obviously he has great sincerity, while leaving us in doubt as yet about its forcefulness. As the evening's chairman, Edgar Lustgarten was deft in a lightweight fashion. If he has any political instincts, he did not convince us of their existence and it is desirable that the chairman of 'In the News' should do that, if nothing more.

I do not believe that 'In the News' is intrinsically important television for all that it may be supported by impressive viewing figures from the Audience Research people. I have dwelt on it partly for the uncomplimentary reason that last week there were precious few other programmes worth writing about.

Two that rose above the commonplace were 'Musicians to Moscow' and 'House Surgeon', from St. Mary's Hospital, London. The Moscow item was a film record of the visit to Russia last June of five British musicians who went as a delegation invited by the Ministry of Culture of the U.S.S.R. They were a somewhat cosmopolitan-sounding group, I thought, to represent us but music is an international language and, besides, their object of introducing

British music to Soviet ears was laudable enough. The film was entertaining and informative if not instructive, despite a pedestrian commentary. It was half ruined for me, and I should think for many viewers, by the excruciatingly intrusive so-called background music. While not every sequence was worth suffering that annoyance for, the total effect of the film was of one more window opened to let in light from the forbidden land.

'House Surgeon,' from St. Mary's Hospital, had a topical justification in the centenary proceedings of the hospital's famed medical school. The producer had set himself the task of showing us something of the intensive training which the modern medical student must receive before he can confidently walk the earth with a stethoscope in his pocket. It was by no means first-rate television. The camera worked too much from the middle distance. Although we were not told in advance that those taking part were mainly members of the hospital staff, we were aware of self-consciousness, of lines spoken in the set-piece manner. The consulting surgeon displayed a jauntiness which we felt was more characteristic than most of the other renderings. The hospital's own spokesman made a good impression, too.

'Snapshot', which has never been quite good enough, came bang after 'Tall Story Club', to which at moments it seemed like a deliberately planned postscript. As an admirer of Diana Wynyard, not to say of the Royal Air Force and of the lively enterprise of the photographer named Baron, I am sorry to say that it was poor stuff. What remains most pleasurable with me out of the week's manifold if unexceptional activities is the memory of Pat Smythe's peach-faced smile. For that, thanks to 'Sportsview'.

REGINALD POUND

DRAMA

Gone on Minnie

'MINNIE, I'm gone on you, Minnie!' sings the baritone-sheriff Rance in Puccini's 'The Girl of the Golden West', an opera usually considered neglected but patronised in a big way last week

by the B.B.C. planners. The Third Programme heard it in Italian and we had it on television in English and if that isn't democracy, I don't know what is. In a sense, we are all 'gone on Minnie' but none perhaps to the tune of Mr. George Foa who must be one of the bravest men in the world and quite impervious to ridicule. For the blunt fact is that if there is one thing more liable to risk absurdity than Puccini in English, it is televised Puccini in English.

The strange thing (proved also by 'Tosca') is that if people can be induced to watch for a little while, the feeling of absurdity is slowly overcome—or nearly so—by the lyrical warmth of the music which seems to me quite able to stand beside such prime favourites as 'Madam Butterfly'. But un-



As seen by the viewer: left, a lesson in anatomy from 'Better No Medicine' on September 30; right, scene from 'House Surgeon' on October 1.

Photographs: John Cura

ness in their eyes. The programme has rarely produced a concession of opinion, not to say a conversion, and I will believe that what is true of those who take part in it is reflected pretty faithfully among those of us who view it. The truth about 'In the News' is that it owes its continuing and sometimes amusing existence to the fact not only that is democracy expressed and sustained by political discussion but that it produces few brains capable of reinforcing that article of its faith. Most people, by far the great majority, are incapable of argument about anything. For that reason they appear to be more responsive to the chance of sitting at home and listening to those who are.

The premise that two and occasionally three leading topics of the day can fairly be analysed and discussed in thirty minutes is an absurdity of a programme which rarely exhibits the human intellect functioning above the level of political patter and cross-talk. Therein, perhaps, is its merit: it reflects a principle which not everyone implicated in it understands, that in a democracy you cannot have government at a plane of intelligence higher than that of the average. As democrats, we are all equal and all equally entitled to shut our eyes to the truth that there exist intelligences superior to our own. This apart, 'In the News' is no doubt a useful recurring de-



'In the News' on October 1, with (left to right) Stephen McAdden, M.P., Sir Robert Boothby, M.P., Edgar Lustgarten, Anthony Greenwood, M.P., and Michael Foot, M.P.



'The Girl of the Golden West' on September 30, with (left to right) Paul Asciak as Dick Johnson, Edmund Donlevy as Sonora, Elaine Malbin as Minnie, and Roderick Jones as Jack Rance

doubtedly the handicap of English plus that of the small size of the picture puts a strain on the performers. To fill the lungs deeply and sing out slowly poetry of this order, 'Sometimes you see her snuggling her leetle feet nearer to Daddy's' is asking much of a singer with a sense of humour. In fact, there is always much to be said for keeping Puccinian sentiment in 'the decent obscurity of a foreign language'. I shall never forget my disappointment when I discovered what drivel dear Mimi is really uttering in her famous '*Addio, senza rancore!*' And Minnie was in the same case. Still, as this is the only Puccini opera which has a baritone with my patronymic I will not dwell on the peculiarities which has to be tacked along on Puccini's sensuous vocal line.

At least not one of the singers betrayed by so much as the flicker of an eyelid that embarrassment of the good old British sort was being experienced. But then not all the principals were British. Roderick Jones was admirable as the love-sick sheriff who in the most famous scene of this Gold Rush opera plays Minnie at poker for the life of the bad, bold bandit (tenor). He had just the right phlegm (in the British sense, not the operatic) for the part. As Minnie, Elaine Malbin, who is, I believe, an American, was anything but poker-faced and did her cheating luridly. She has the knack, too, of singing to suit the scale of the television screen and was not afraid to drop into speech à la Menotti when it could make a better effect than singing such a phrase as 'Get along with you, you rascally ones . . .' But, more important, she really knew how to 'let fly' and she had at her back a conductor, Edward Renton, who also knows that in Puccini a certain amount of what is vulgarly called 'binge' is worth all the taste and precision in the world. After all, the proprietress of the Polka Saloon, though a good girl, was what Ibsen would have called a sly-boot rather than a lady. I liked her *arioso* about the fun of the wide, open spaces, 'Oh,

you've no notion . . .'. Mr. Foa's notion was to show us some ranchers riding under trees—quite a good effect, if only we hadn't seen it all on one of those antique westerns got out for 'Children's Television' on Thursdays!

But the bad men and good types, considering all things, came fairly convincingly out of the crowd scenes—a section of Covent Garden's fine chorus being responsible for a splendid amount of sound. Best of all, Paul Asciak, who is Maltese by birth, managed to sing a very lusty and likeable '*Ch'ella mi creda*' while the ropes of the lynching party really looked as if they were biting into his shoulders.



The battle scene from Shaporin's opera 'The Decembrists', which was seen in the film 'Musicians to Moscow', shown on television on September 27

Minnie's pistol play was perhaps not so convincing, but of all the Golden Girls I've seen she was the least 'dramatic soprano looking'. Jeritza used to look as if she would eat the tenor when she had rescued him. Miss Malbin would obviously reform her bandit. I think we can say, all in all, Puccini's piece was faithfully done by.

The event of the week otherwise was of course the musical journey to Moscow taken by Kenneth Wright and colleagues, a film which must have made many eyes open wider. And indeed, like Matilda who in Belloc's poem 'told such dreadful lies', it made one gasp and stretch one's eyes; there were questions to be asked. Mostly it was documentary, but the scenes of opera and ballet were also sumptuous. I think that, by judicious editing, one could compile, from Covent Garden, Glyndebourne, and Stratford-on-Avon, a film no less impressive.

I think I wrote Claudio Arrau his first London concert notice about twenty years ago. My ecstatic admiration has not cooled. If television can do nothing else for us, these celebrity concerts will justify the licence fee.

I see that I have devoted all my space to music this week. If that strikes you as odd, in dealing with what is primarily a visual medium, I will make amends by really analysing one of the 'serials' one of these days.

PHILIP HOPE-WALLACE

Sound Broadcasting

DRAMA

Bushes and Bears

'SUCH TRICKS hath strong imagination', said Theseus, the Duke, on a celebrated night in Athens. 'A Question of Fact' (Home) is also about 'strong imagination', a matter not generally realised when Wynyard Browne's play was staged in London. That was odd, for Mr. Browne has made the theme amply clear in one of the most truthfully written dramas of our day. A young public schoolmaster (and an adopted child) discovers, not long after his wedding, that his father had been hanged for murder. He cannot rest until he knows the facts. We see how, to different people, imagination 'bodies forth the forms of things unknown'. We learn how uncurbed imagination had destroyed Paul's father; how Paul himself must now imagine the darkest things about his future if the past (and he can only guess at its details) is revealed; how his wife—her own imagination at play—must settle a lurking fear;

and so on through the characters. Always the word: it is a study of imagination as it has worked, or is working, at various phases and on various levels, with every personage concerned. It shows 'how easy is a bush supposed a bear'. And, given this key, it is an absorbing play on the air as in the theatre: one in which a writer does pursue and develop his people to the very end.

That is the making of Wynyard Browne as a dramatist. In three plays so far he has proved that he does not let his characters steal away from him: he scorns to botch up a solution, rough out some sort of 'approximate' ending. Having started to explore, to make his maps,



Claudio Arrau at the piano on September 29

An Outstanding Advance

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he reaches the end of the journey, charting it as he goes. These are people he had lived with; their speech is veracious. No doubt 'A Question of Fact' could have been more of a theatrical slam if the dramatist had faked his third act, twisted it. But it is not forced; its people proceed logically to the last. On radio it was absorbing to listen to them as we pressed deeper and deeper into their world: to hear Patrick Barr and Joan Hart as husband and wife; Richard Williams as the schoolmaster who could easily have been a Chips from the old block, and who is not; and Angela Baddeley as the mother lost-and-found, though I did not feel that she had probed fully into the part, and the visual shock of her entrance had to be missed. That aside, the play, produced by Peter Watts, was a radio event to please the imaginative.

Arthur Calder-Marshall has also challenged the imaginative in 'The Secret Man' (Home). The 'man' of the title is a figure, a statuette, from Africa, 'a silly little bit of ebony and ivory' that the Governor of Nubia, on leave, has brought home with him. We do not look for black magic in Surrey: this is hardly a question of fact. Yet, says Mr. Calder-Marshall, here it is; see what you think of it. Once begin to dread, and the bush is a bear indeed. The author has related his far-from-plain tale in dialogue that crackles like a heath fire; smouldering at first, it spreads like blazing gorse. Both the producer, R. D. Smith, and Edward Williams—who supplied some 'special effects'—enjoyed themselves. Of the cast, only Avice Landone (killed off before the end) pinned me down from the start.

It was undeniably brave of the Third—a phrase that might be kept in type—to present a new translation of Goethe's handling of the theme of 'Iphigenia in Tauris'. Cast as it was, and produced by Val Gielgud, it had every chance; but the imagination was not inflamed, simply, I think, because the version was unhelpful. Little could have been more sensitive than the interpretation of Maria Becker, Marius Goring, and Donald Wolfit—the most dramatic moment was Mr. Wolfit's enunciation of the last words, 'Fare you well'—but for me the drama remained obstinately in shadow, needing words that would shine and ring.

In the eighth instalment of 'Martin Chuzzlewit' (Home) we heard another Mr. Wolfit, and another 'Farewell', that to Tom Pinch, spoken as if the actor were wrinkling his nose over some pungent burnt offering. This Pecksniff, whom we left, soapily benign, at the stonelaying, is a most persuasive hypocrite. During 'Variety Playhouse' (Home), I had to wonder why ventriloquism, of all things, should be regarded as radiogenic. Later Max Wall seemed to be script-bound. I was much more at ease with the 'straight' partnership of Helen Haye and Rachel Gurney in a snippet from 'Dear Octopus'. A fourth instalment of the high-powered 'Journey into Space' (Light) left me clutching the table. By now, I daresay, we shall know about the colossal object in the spaceships' line of flight to Mars. As Jet Morgan said very reasonably at first, it ought to be a swarm of meteors. But I doubt it. There is grave work here; this is surely something else, something even deadlier. Or is it? How easy is a bush supposed a bear!

J. C. TREWIN

THE SPOKEN WORD

Good and Evil

'MAN'S NATURAL dispositions are neither good nor evil but ambiguous—capable of coming to fruition in a good or evil way.' This was the conclusion of Mr. J. W. N. Watkins' absorbing talk on 'The Strange Face of Evil', delivered

on the Sunday evening at the outset of my listening week, and its echoes sounded through much that I heard on the six days that followed. 'Oh yet we trust that SOMEHOW GOOD will be the final goal of ill', was Tennyson's despairing cry: Mr. Watkins, more concretely, did well to urge the value of any tradition, institution, or settled way of living that can help to train our wayward impulses.

Discussing the recent report of the Royal Commission on Capital Punishment, Professor H. L. A. Hart brought the clarity and detachment of his legal training to bear on one specific human problem. Does the British tradition here, which involves so much that is essentially bad, contain enough positive good to justify its continuance? The motives of deterrence and reprobation were considered, somewhat drily, in the first of the two talks, but the meat of the argument was in the second. Professor Hart, while fairly summarising the possible advantages, showed very clearly the many weaknesses in the case for the death penalty and left me in no doubt that the experimental period of abolition deserves at least to be tried—as it nearly was some years ago. This particular conflict between good and evil is much more sharp and challenging than that involved in the law relating to obscenity, which Mr. F. J. Odgers has also been considering in two talks; but there again we have a moral question full of ambiguities.

The good and evil in advertising was given a thorough airing in a discussion on Thursday, when Mr. Ian Harvey, M.P., argued for its benefits with breezy confidence; Mr. Nicholas Kaldor presented a contrary view without unduly labouring his erudition (which is considerable); and Lady Sinker, speaking on behalf of the advertiser's main target, the housewife, put in some refreshing personal observations. Not enough people, in my experience, study advertising at all critically—if they did, we might get some better posters. On Friday the advertisements for cosmetics, never advertising's strong point, took a beating in a programme devised by Nesta Pain called 'The Skin'. The dialogue between the female voices was a trifle arch, and the ostensible sufferers from eczema and so on wept, groaned, and faltered almost too realistically. But broadcasting, too, has its temptations.

I was pleased to be reminded by a poet, Mr. James Kirkup, that man has it in him to overcome his weaknesses; and I admire the way in which Mr. Kirkup is bringing some much-needed life to modern poetry by submitting himself to trying ordeals and giving us his impressions of them. Stripped naked, and made to plunge into a noisome sump, Mr. Kirkup had a rough passage in 'The Descent into the Cave', but he contrived to turn his exaltations and agonies into an exciting and at times entertaining poem which Mr. Robert Rietty and Mr. Felix Felton interpreted with admirable feeling. Gilbert White, incidentally, was another poet who turned his 'ambivalence'—I use that piece of jargon reluctantly—to the advantage of mankind. In 'The Stationary Man', a conversation on Thursday between three of his admirers, Geoffrey Hutchings, James Fisher, and Dr. W. S. Scott, we were given a candid picture of someone who was lazy, idle, intensely flirtatious, and very fussy about dust on his shoes. Yet what a lovable fellow he was, and what a wonderful book he wrote! Reminders, once again, that the more emphatic a man's 'ambiguities', the greater his opportunity.

But the voice which pleased me most during the week came from a charming, thoughtful old lady, Mrs. Florida Scott-Maxwell, whose talk 'So Near Mystery', was re-broadcast on Monday and who gave us a new talk on

Saturday called 'We Are the Sum of our Days'. With that quiet philosophy which comes to the old, and was so conspicuous in the autobiography of the American 'Sunday painter', Grandma Moses, Mrs. Scott-Maxwell showed how age induces mellowess and wholeness, while still requiring 'a proper modesty in the presence of good and evil'. The aged, she feels, are often surprised at their own unimportance; the noise and clamour of life begins to seem out of proportion to sense. Yet an unexpected freshness comes with the realisation that the drama has been played, that the battle is over—and this brings a sense of triumph to those who have worked and suffered, sinned and loved, seen ugliness and beauty. Mrs. Scott-Maxwell conveyed to me some reassurance that the battle is worth while, and that we may glimpse the reality of Tennyson's 'somehow good' before we go elsewhere.

DEREK HUDSON

MUSIC

Locum tenens

DURING THE ABSENCE ABROAD of the conductor-in-chief, Sir Adrian Boult has returned to direct the B.B.C. Orchestra in a series of programmes spread over three weeks. He has introduced us to two new works and, by the time this is in print, will have conducted a performance in the Home Service of Reizenstein's 'Voices of Night', which, though not brand new, is unfamiliar. For the rest, apart from Elgar's 'Falstaff' and Brahms' First Symphony, Sir Adrian has kept off (or been kept off) the music with which he is most closely associated and which he does best because he obviously loves it.

But the remarkable thing about this conductor, as all of us could observe during his long reign over the B.B.C. Orchestra, is his unselfish willingness to put himself unreservedly at the service of music, old or new, even when his sympathies are not engaged. I do not know what he thinks of Mahler, but I should guess that he does not feel much sympathy with that composer's morbid excess of sensibility. Perhaps, as any conductor might, he finds pleasure in the technical feat of presenting this highly nuanced music faithfully to his audience. He certainly secured beautifully accurate performances of the orchestral scores of the 'Lieder eines fahrenden Gesellen' and the 'Kindertotenlieder', without at the same time achieving that sense of aching tenderness and anguished nerves which Walter, for instance, distils from this music. But, then, the singer, Martha Lipton, singularly failed in expressiveness and pathos. Oddly enough, she was more successful in the 'Fahrenden Gesellen' cycle, a man's songs, than in the 'Kindertotenlieder'. Her voice is a beautiful instrument, but she presses on it with the result that the tone spreads and spills around the notes.

The novelties in Sir Adrian's programmes were Frank Martin's Concerto for Harpsichord and Robert Simpson's First Symphony. The concerto, played brilliantly, but without too much glitter, by George Malcolm, is finely written music as clean and neat and aseptic as the hotels in the composer's native land. It is being repeated at the end of this week, and perhaps, on closer acquaintance, some more personal quality will emerge from it. Simpson's Symphony was played twice and repaid a second hearing. Tense and terse, cogent in musical argument, it makes few concessions to sensuous beauty of sound, but certainly had something definite to say. In manner it is indebted to Carl Nielsen for its harmonic structure and to Sibelius for the use of long pedal-points on which to build up an exciting climax. But it is not a merely derivative work.

One of these programmes was headed by

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Parry's Symphonic Variations—almost a symphony in variation-form—which is probably that neglected composer's most successful orchestral work. Academic? Well, some academics know how to compose, whether their art be musical or pictorial. And we had robust, yet well-finished performances of Haydn's 'London' Symphony in D and Beethoven's First in C major, as well as a splendid one (the first, for in the second on Saturday the finale got lumpy like porridge) of Tippett's Concerto for double string orchestra. What more could one ask of one conductor in the way of variety and accomplishment?

A rehearing of 'Nelson' at home with the

vocal score suggests that, while Mr. Thomas could make more of the part of the hero by a more sensitive inflection of the words and the musical phrases—Miss Pollak shows how much can be achieved by those means in the seemingly ungrateful part of Lady Nelson—the composer has not really succeeded in establishing Nelson's heroic character in the music. Berkeley effectively leads up to his first entrance with a big choral climax, but Nelson appears not with a grand theatrical gesture, of which he was notably capable, but with a shy and diffident manner, which is true enough history—for he was at this time exhausted both physically and mentally—but is bad 'theatre'. The character

never quite recovers from this ineffectual start.

The other opera of the week was Puccini's neglected 'La fanciulla del west', about which, since it has been televised in English, you will have been able to read on the picture-page before reaching the dust and ashes of this ultimate corner of the Hearth. Of the Italian performance I will say only that it adequately displayed Puccini going through the usual motions without producing the usual effects. The orchestration is the most interesting feature of the work. But what a *Maggio* it must have been with this opera, 'Mazeppa', and 'Agnes von Hohenstaufen' as the main fare!

DYNELEY HUSSEY

Vincent d'Indy and Beethoven

By EDWARD LOCKSPEISER

D'Indy's Piano Sonata will be broadcast at 6.50 p.m. on Thursday, October 14 (Third)

ONE day we may hope to read an account of the many secret bonds that united the French musicians of the nineteenth century with the Romantic genius of Germany. They were bonds that were not always secret. Berlioz had declared himself to be a composer who was three-quarters German, and a hundred years later Vincent d'Indy, in his heart, would have used the same words to describe himself.

This subservience to the German Romantic ideals was, of course, by no means peculiar to France. Both Elgar and Tovey were examples of a similar attitude in England. But the French were in a sense nearer the scene of romantic turbulence in music; by the nature of their music they were more vulnerable; and it was only natural that there should be apprehension at the virility of the new German musical genius. It was perhaps inevitable that with this apprehension there came an unfortunate belittlement of the native contribution. The great composers, Berlioz and Debussy, took from Beethoven and Wagner as much as they gave in return. But composers of a more slender stature, though not of less genuine talent, had to fight their way through complexities of inferiority and snobbery. Dukas lived in the shadow of Beethoven; Massenet, to his detractors, was 'Mlle Wagner'. Also we see a streak of uneasy snobbery among the many French musicians who made the pilgrimage to Bayreuth. Delibes, having confessed that he was unmoved by the Bayreuth performance of 'Parsifal', 'until those little girls came on in the second act', was sharply rebuffed. 'And that', declared d'Indy with devastating contempt, 'was how the composer of "L'Omelette à la Follembuche" dared to speak of Wagner's Flower Maidens!'

Behind this anecdote is the fact that the style of Delibes' amusing operetta, far from being a subject for contempt, was in fact a style nearer d'Indy's own heart than he might have confessed. D'Indy is usually considered to be a high-minded, remote idealist. He was—but his first work for the stage, called 'Attendez-moi sous l'orme', was an *opéra-comique* in a light style, and in his old age he temporarily returned to the froth and vivacity of light opera with a work in which he took it upon himself to parody Gounod's 'Faust'. This is a little-known aspect of d'Indy's art which consorts strangely with his large-scale symphonies and Wagnerian operas. His professed ideals were to perpetuate, through the guidance of César Franck, the traditions of Beethoven in instrumental music and of Wagner in opera.

But idealism is not enough. Warmth and fervour are desirable. So that the purely intellectual

passion which d'Indy brought to the composition of his works was hardly a compensation for the fantasy and originality which he saw about him in Fauré, Debussy, and Ravel. Consequently he persisted in making a virtue of erudition, not to say pedantry. Perfection of form was his ideal—the cyclic form which he perceived not only in Beethoven but even in Brahms, and the variation form for which his model was Beethoven's 'Diabelli' Variations. In his own works, however, the use of these forms was not always inspired by a glowing sense of musical imagination. The music he wrote in a light style or the works based on the folk music of his native Vivarais have at any rate the merit of being simple and unpretentious; and this is the music of this great teacher and scholar that is likely to remain. His larger and more ambitious works are usually the product of a stern and clever mind.

Such a work is the Piano Sonata of 1907. The circumstances which led to its composition are twofold. In his authoritative study of the life and works of d'Indy, Léon Vallas points out that the Sonata was written in an attempt to justify d'Indy's artistic creed to his pupils at the Scola Cantorum. D'Indy preached that the sonata form of Beethoven was the ideal form for the expression of abstract music, and in face of the conquests of the novel piano music of Debussy and Ravel he felt bound to provide a contemporary model of the Beethoven sonata. In regard to the other trend of ideas that prompted its composition we must look further afield. Apart from Beethoven's influence on the French musicians of the early twentieth century, notably on Paul Dukas (whose 'Variations on a theme of Rameau' are perhaps the most inspired of these French Beethovenian works), there had been a new reflection of the spirit of Beethoven in the literary world. Romain Rolland's publication of his *Vie de Beethoven* in Charles Péguy's 'Cahiers de la Quinzaine' had come as a revelation—the revelation, as Péguy maintained, of 'a great moral future' in which the more enlightened minds were to be lifted out of the pessimism and decadence of the *fin-de-siècle*. Péguy's prophecy was not wrong. Rolland's early *Beethoven* became, as one writer put it, 'the breviary of a whole generation'. And following this, the romantic *Jean-Christophe* was one of the most widely read books of its time. Nowadays we may smile at the coruscations of style in Rolland's description of his newly-found hero—'the mighty leader of the herd, thundering out his voice over time'—but Rolland had provided the jaded French intellectuals with a new faith. Reading the literature of the time, one wonders whether this faith did not develop

into a minor wave of hysteria. It was a repetition of that fusion of French and German ideals which, a generation earlier, had produced 'La Revue Wagnérienne'. For Rolland, Beethoven was a 'leader'; in the eyes of other writers, anxious to follow suit, he becomes 'Dieu Beethoven', 'Notre Père Beethoven'.

D'Indy himself published a life of Beethoven in 1911 in which he was willing to subscribe to the same emotional exaltation, though his ardent Catholicism made him suspicious of the growth of what looked like some kind of secular religion based on the Beethoven cult. Moreover, to d'Indy, the traditionalist, Rolland's ideas on social affairs were altogether too revolutionary. D'Indy's contribution to this wider philosophical vogue of Beethoven was to be his music, and in particular it was his E major Sonata.

With this knowledge we may approach the strange analysis of the work published by the pianist Blanche Selva. It was Selva, 'd'Indy's spiritual daughter', as Vallas describes her, who first performed the work and to whom it is dedicated. She writes, presumably with the composer's authority, of the work symbolising the struggle between Good and Evil, between the inner world and the outer world, of the transformation of the soul—indeed of all those moral and religious associations which, one would have thought, should be conspicuously absent from abstract music. There is the paradox in d'Indy's nature. He preached the doctrine of pure music, but in practice he frequently suffused the composition of his works with cumbersome philosophical ideas. He accepted the letter, the form of Beethoven's message, but not the growth of his spirit.

For our modern ears the d'Indy Sonata is a curious monument in the hinterland of early twentieth-century music. The composer's analysis of it (in his *Cours de Composition*) is extremely complex, in fact almost unintelligible without a knowledge of the hieroglyphs and symbols then in use at the Schola. Actually the form is easily grasped: a series of variations in which the theme appears in the minor and the major; a scherzo with trumpet-like calls; and a finale reintroducing the theme from the first movement. To his pupils at the Schola the work may have proved his theories; it hardly perpetuates the spirit of the late Beethoven sonatas. And Romain Rolland, who would have liked to see in d'Indy the personification of his own hero—a *Jean-Christophe* in real life—would have been bound to confess that although d'Indy possessed many of the qualities Rolland was looking for—leadership, idealism, scholarship—he lacked the most essential quality of all, the magic of music.

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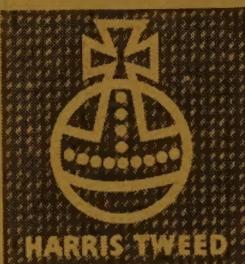


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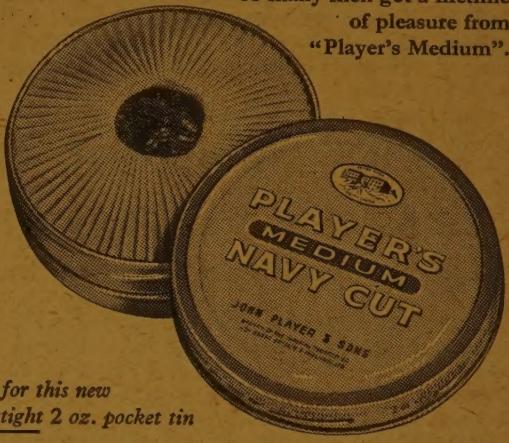
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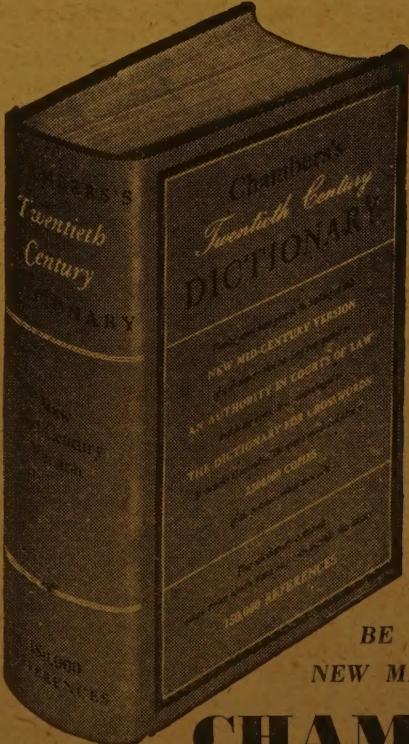
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For the Housewife

The Best of Beef

By ANN HARDY

ALL meat should be moderately fat, dry, and firm, fine in texture with an agreeable smell and good colour. If freshly killed, the flesh of beef is bright red and as it hangs it tends to darken in colour. It should be marbled with fat to be good quality. I would like to emphasise that good quality meat must have a fair proportion of fat.

The best beef is from an animal of about two years old. When the animal is older than two years, you will find a streak of gristle between the fat and the lean which widens with age. This is very noticeable in the sirloin, so choose carefully.

The best roasting joints are the prime ribs and the famous sirloin with the fillet or undercut. The sirloin is really in three parts: the chump end, the middle—the choicest piece with the most amount of undercut—and the wing rib; these are the finest joints for flavour in the whole beast. The sirloin has the advantage of being an adaptable joint, for you can remove the undercut and have it grilled if you like. In fact, a good sirloin can make a variety of meals for a family of three or four, so it is an economical joint despite its price. The middle ribs are often boned and rolled. Then we have the rump—with a large proportion of flesh. The rump is sometimes roasted but usually it is cut into steaks, which should be tender grilling steaks if the meat is carefully chosen.

Another familiar joint is the round of beef, which is part of the buttock—economical because it has little bone. This is in two parts, the topside which is tender if well hung, and the thin part—the well-known silverside—a

good piece for boiling and salting. There is one other tender part, and that is the thick flank; the best part of it is sold for frying steak and the inferior part is used for puddings and pies.

By the way, I must emphasise the importance of meat being well hung. All beef to be tender should be hung before cooking. According to the season of the year it can hang for four to as many as fourteen days. It is helpful to ask your butcher when the beast was killed so that you have an idea as to how much longer you should hang the meat before cooking it. If you have to hang it yourself, see that it hangs from a hook in a cool place in a current of air either in your meat safe or in your larder, covered in muslin to protect it from dust and flies.

And now to the more gristly joints—the ones that need moist heat for cooking. There is shin of beef, which makes such good stews. The hindquarter shin is better than the forequarter because it is thicker and there is no waste. I have still to find a more simple and delicious beef stew than Exeter Stew: shin cut up, soaked in a little vinegar for about an hour, then stewed in an onion-flavoured gravy and served with savoury balls.

A cheap—but very bony—joint either for boiling, stewing, or braising is the thin flank, usually the cheapest joint in price. The brisket, too, is a most useful joint for boiling. It is the end of the ribs, good for stews and even better for salting, boiling, and pressing, and so delicious cold. But it is thin, with a large proportion of fat. Another good joint for steam roasting or braising is the chuck rib, or what is sometimes called the leg-of-mutton piece. Chuck steak is

excellent braised and delicious for pies or puddings. In the animal it comes near the neck. Then in the lower part of the neck there is the clod—a very good piece for stewing, but it needs long, slow cooking.—*Home Service*

Notes on Contributors

MICHAEL CURTIS (page 548): last week appointed editor of the *News Chronicle*

MAJOR-GENERAL L. O. LYNE, D.S.O. (page 549): formerly Director of Staff Studies, War Office and Military Governor, British Zone, Berlin

W. E. W. PETTER, C.B.E. (page 551): designer of the 'Folland Midge' light-weight fighter and of the 'Canberra'

P. E. WITHAM (page 552): formerly on the staff of the Colonial Development Corporation

F. J. ODGERS (page 557): Lecturer in Criminal Science, Cambridge University

GEOFFREY GRIGSON (page 559): author of *Gardenage, Essays from the Air, Samuel Palmer*, etc.

BARNETT FREEDMAN (page 561): Official War Artist to B.E.F., 1940, and Admiralty, 1941-1946; stamp designer and illustrator of many books

PETER FLOOD, C.B.E. (page 562): Keeper of Circulation at the Victoria and Albert Museum since 1946

ADAM CURLE (page 566): Professor of Education and Psychology, University College of the South-West of England, Exeter

Crossword No. 1,275.

Poetic Circles—IV. By Pipeg

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Closing date: First post on Thursday, October 14

Some part of each clue gives a word, or words, (A), of the number of letters indicated after it. In each clue there is one other word, (B), either standing alone, or hidden in other words. The letters of the word (B) are to be deleted,

in their normal order, from the word(s) (A), leaving four letters in each case. These letters are to be entered in the diagram along a radius from centre to circumference; except when B follows the number of the clue, then the direction is reversed. E.g., 'The luck of dicers is remarkable' (8)—the word (A) is GAMBLERS, the word (B) is ABLE and the letters to insert would be GMRS. In a few cases, the two words (A) are not related to each other in any way.

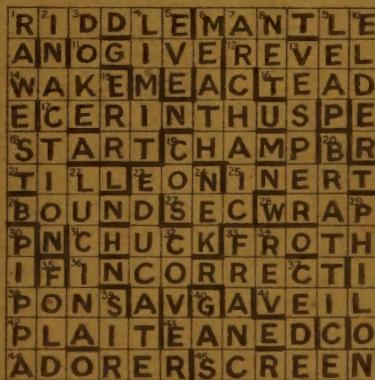
The clues 1, 10, 19, 28, when found, give the names of the authors of the four quotations used. Each quotation fills one circle, but the words do not occur in their normal order. As a help, the positions of the first and last words of each quotation are indicated by bars. First words start in spaces marked (a), last words in spaces marked (z). The quotation in the outermost circle reads clockwise; in the other three circles, anti-clockwise.

CLUES

- Spartan rule of a former Moldavian prince (8)
- ! Throw him oot o' you tug' cried Jock (3-4)
- He was given a temporary bed in Portadown (9)
- The periwinkles I gather (5)
- The apocope of a stinger gives a constellation (7)
- To cry like a cat makes Loki's daughter pale (4, 3)
- A sheathing bract, seen in palme (6)
- A starchy substance is the staple diet (7)
- An elegantly written lament for a cruel master (5, 6)
- A marvellous display of magic (7)
- The man who prepares Jock's liquor gets no rest (8)
- A kind of whip, cruelly laid on (7)
- A car very useful for the leader of a desert company (10)
- Fry to pick out one of these identical chemical elements (7)
- We do not want such a hurricane too often (7)
- When Sgt. Bourne gives this order, they all face the other way (5-4)
- The saps behave in a bold, careless way (4-4)
- Consider carefully the pre-eminent (7)
- Those who grab ale are deserving of censure (8)
- Used as an antiseptic on wounds (6)
- Once garlanded ornamental work was highly rated (8)
- A striking picture, made at a later date (7)
- An idiom of Erin heard on the lis (8)

- Eos was not the god worshipped by Sycorax (7)
- He darted about in the famine to look after us (6, 4)
- Outlet for students with liberty restricted by the Senate (4, 5)
- Become extinct like the dodo (3, 3)
- Be as greedy as you wish! (7)
- 'Female so bedecked, ornate and gay' (7)
- After a card-game, a Rumanian coin is left (5, 3)
- The natives work together at their trade in copra (9)
- Such a mean tip cowed me (3, 4)
- Let little Edward go to St. Malo early (5, 3)
- A weighty metal pin is of no avail (5, 4)
- Reinstate this native of a land in western Asia (8)
- Generally used for the care of the tender (7)

Solution of No. 1,273



NOTES

Across: 25. True, anag.; 33. Forth, anag.; 14. ado-re-r.
Down: 3. Do-(lipstic)k-e; 13. ve-sp(endor)-er;
 15. err(and); 28. e-ducat-e; 24. neck or nothing; 29. file
 on; 30. 'Pippa Passes'; 33. (St.) Francis; 34. rev(e);
 37. seed.

Prizewinners: 1st prize: D. R. Hardwick (Paisley); 2nd prize: T. Seath (Richmond); 3rd prize: J. C. Frost (Manchester 29).

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